

THE  
*Sororian*  
1916

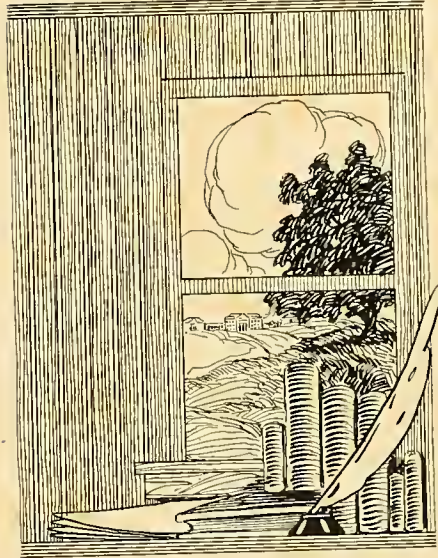









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# FOREWORD

**W**E, the Annual Staff, present to you the third volume of the *SORORIAN*.

It has been said that "When we can't act as we wish, we must act as we can." So we, the Staff, feel about our efforts in bringing to pass this issue of the *SORORIAN*.

We have striven earnestly and conscientiously to give to you the best annual we could possibly issue.

We hope that you will bear with us sympathetically as you turn the leaves of this book.

Try to imagine the everyday events and happenings of life as they really are with us.

Leaving the few following words as a benediction, we submit to you the result of many hours of weary toil; and it is a pleasure to us that we are able to do it.

"Turn my pages—never mind  
If you like not all you find,  
Think not all the grains are gold  
Sacramento's sand banks hold.

"Best for worst shall make amends,  
Find us, keep us, leave us friends,  
Till perchance, we meet again—  
Benedicte—amen!"

MARGUERITE HENRY,  
Editor-in-chief.



THE  
*Sororiam*  
1916

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OF  
ANDERSON COLLEGE  
ANDERSON, S. C.

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Vol. III

1916



## Annual Staff

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# The Sororian



## DEDICATION

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In loving memory of our beloved friend and trustee, Mr. Charles Stark Sullivan, we dedicate this volume of the *Sororian*. Our hearts were dedicated to him long ago.

Truly it may be said of him that he was the best friend a college and a college girl have ever had.





Mr. C. S. Sullivan

## Mr. Charles S. Sullivan

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**B**ORN in Anderson, S. C., May 26, 1866, he has always been a man of affairs in the City of Anderson. Public spirited, influential and generous, was he—our much beloved trustee. When the subject of Anderson College was but an air castle, Mr. Sullivan was determined that it should not always be a castle in the air, and it was mainly through his efforts that we are to-day real flesh and blood.

Mr. Sullivan, was, without doubt, the best friend we have ever had.

Aside from the material contributions which he made—namely, the President's home, a handsome brick building; the equipment for the gymnasium, and the beautiful velvet curtain for our stage—he gave to us much of his physical strength and energy, leaving no possible stone unturned for our betterment.

It was in behalf of Anderson College that he used his last energies, for he had gone to Columbia, S. C., to make arrangements for the appropriation of sufficient funds to make this an ideal school.

He died in Columbia on Monday night, October 13, 1915, at half past eleven o'clock.



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# The Sororian

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Maryland Medical College, Graduate Work  
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*Matron and Nurse*

MARGARET CLINKSCALES, A. B.  
Anderson College  
*Librarian*

EUNICE L. SHEALY, *Secretary*  
Winthrop College



# The Sororian





## The Passing of the Storm

---

The wild winds howl, the heavens rain,  
And moonless night broods o'er the plain.

Across the dark, 'tween earth and sky,  
The black drops fall; the tree frogs cry.

While every rock and twig and sprout,  
Pours forth a myriad water spout.

And now deep pools and flooded streams  
Awake in turbid midnight dreams.

Anon the moon gleams thru the clouds,  
Her silver face in misty shrouds.

And daring stars peep out at will,  
Clear heaven smiles, serenely still.

—N. GENTRY, '16.

A decorative border in a golden-yellow color frames the central text. The border features stylized floral motifs, including large leaves and flowers, with a repeating diamond pattern in the background. The text is centered within a rectangular frame.

Book  
One

Classes





# SENIOR - 1916



# The Sororian



SPONSOR

MISS SARAH E. STRANATHAN

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# The Sororian



RUTH ANDERSON, B. A.

Anderson, S. C.

"ARIE"

*"If I'm convinced against my will, I'm of the same opinion still"*

Ruth has been with us four years. Three years of this time were given to deciding the question whether or not she would board in the dormitories, so great was her love for "home" and "family." However, at the beginning of the fourth year she came, on the condition that Mamma or "Dad" would come for her every Saturday. Ruth is a wise philosopher—steadfastly expressing her opinion on every subject. She has a lovable disposition and has added much to the home life of our class.

HELEN BURRISS, B. A.

Anderson, S. C.

"HEFTY"

*"Contentment, parent of delight"*

"Laugh, and grow plump" is what Helen believes in, for she certainly is a jolly, good soul. Without her, the life of our class would lose some good portion of its brightness. Helen always stands ready to lend a helping hand to those who need it, and we see for her a future overflowing with the joys of life.



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NELLE DARRACOTT, B. A.

Anderson, S. C.

“COTE”

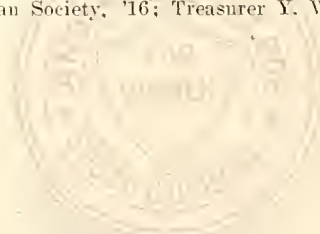
*“Ever studious, quiet and gentle”*

Nelle's most noticeable characteristic is ability to speak truth on all occasions and to everybody alike. In German, Nelle has always been a shining light and in everything else she is proficient, except at chorus. There Nelle shuts up like a clam. She may have music in her soul, but she is a little timid about vocalizing.

*“Alas! for those that never sing,*

*But die with all their music in them.”*

Secretary and Junior Representative of Student Council, '15; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, '14-'15; Historian Senior Class, '16; Critic Estherian Society, '15; Historian Estherian Society, '16; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '15-16.



NELL GENTRY, B. A.

Anderson, S. C.

“MIDG”

*“Mine honor is my life, both grown in one.  
Take honor from me, and life is done.”*

Here we find Nell—“always on the job”—never failing to embrace her opportunities. Nell has a peculiar way of entwining herself around a person's heartstrings—a gift not bestowed upon many people. She is big, yes, but not only in size. We can truly say, “There's not the slightest ‘little’ thing about her.”

Secretary Y. W. A., '13-'14; Vice-President Estherian Society, '13; House President Student Council, '14-'16; Critic Estherian Society, '14-'15; Chairman of Program Committee Estherian Society; Chairman Personal Service Committee Y. W. C. A.; Chairman Membership Committee Y. W. A.

# The Sororian



LOUISE HENRY, B. A.

Anderson, S. C.

"BEBBY"

*"She paused but a moment in her flight, and we were blessed with a song."*

Happy-hearted! jolly! and laughing! These three adjectives are Louise's constant companions. It could be said of her that she is always in a good humor. She is truly the sunshine of our Class. One has only to listen to hear the full clear notes of her pretty voice, for she sings morning, noon and night. Louise, like her roommate, "says little, but thinks much." There's no telling what may be the outgrowth of that "uncle" or that "antomobile."

President Athletic Association, '12-'13; President Student Government, '12-'13; Secretary Estherian Society, '12-'15; Treasurer Estherian Society, '12-'15; President Y. W. A., '14-'16; Vice-President Class, '13-'14; President Y. W. C. A., '14-'16; Class Editor, '14-'15; Prophet Senior Class, '15-'16; Chairman Mission Study Committee, '12-'13; Chairman Social Committee of Estherian Society, '15-'16.

MARGUERITE OGLESBY HENRY, B. M.

Anderson, S. C.

"RITA"

*"The reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength and skill."*

Truly the words may be said of her. Rita is one of those persons who can do anything she makes up her mind to do, and she makes up her mind to do a great many things.

Though in her youth she left us to worship at the feet of Mozart, Wagner and Beethoven, we soon forgave her and count ourselves blessed for the one musical note on our staff of Seniorhood. We're expecting great things of Rita, but we fear that under those harmonious strains not only have her intellectual powers increased, but that her heart has become affected as well, for we hear her sing with Shakespeare, "If music be the food of love, play on." President Y. W. A., '12-'13; Vice-President, Estherian Society, '12-'13; Treasurer Music Club, '12-'13; Chairman Music Committee, Y. W. A., '13-'14; Chairman Reception Committee Estherian Society, '13-'14; Chairman Program Committee, Estherian Society, '13-'14; Secretary Estherian Society, '13-'14; Advertising Committee Sororian, '13-'14; Chairman Advertising Committee Sororian, '14-'15; Critic Estherian Society, '12-'13; Chairman Music Committee, Y. W. C. A.; President Lanier Society, '14-'16; Editor-in-Chief Sororian, '15-'16.

# The Sororian



NELLE MARTIN, B. A.

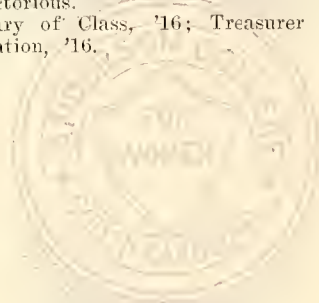
Belton, S. C.

"LENGTHY"

*"A true woman, modest and simple and sweet"*

It's to Nelle we look for the latest fads in dressing. She can always manage to adopt the "yoguish" touch. Nelle is a studious, happy girl, never complaining or grumbling, but always taking life for the very best there is in it. She has traveled through the long four years of toil and strife and now comes to the bitter end victorious.

Secretary of Class, '16; Treasurer Dramatic Association, '16.



ZULIENE MASTERS, B. A.

Anderson, S. C.

"ZUKE"

*"I am sure care's an enemy to life"*

Zuke is our "littlest", most carefree member. Always on her post of duty when its Duty Time. Yet, she believes in enjoying life to its fullest. Were it not for the huge amount of anxiety expended on her preparations for English, I believe Zuke would pronounce life "Excellent"—but she has not been anxious in vain, for her labor has reaped bountiful rewards. Secretary Class, '15; Vice-President Estherian Society, '16; Treasurer Class, '15.



# The Sororian



LOU NELLE MCGEE

Anderson, S. C.

“MAC” “GOSS”

*“Do you not know I’m a woman—when I think I must speak.”*

This splendid specimen of “Tongue running ability” has been with us lo! these four long years. Lou Nelle can talk! There’s no use debating the subject. A graphophone or any other specimen of talking machine cannot compare with our own human talking machine. I am sure dear Mr. Edison would lay down his life’s work in despair if he were to listen to old Mac for fifteen minutes, and should think he had to perfect anything to surpass or equal her. Kind hearted, true and staunch, Lou Nelle has made scores of friends and nobody can ever take her place in our hearts.

Business Manager Sororian, '14-'15; President Class, '16; Secretary Dramatic Association; Historian Junior Class; Historian Lanier Literary Society.

ETHEL NORRIS, B. A.

Anderson, S. C.

“PREACH”

*“She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition”*

We needn’t tell you about Ethel’s disposition, for you know her, too. Ethel is a good comrade. Hail-fellow-well-met kind. For four years we have had occasion to observe her studious, quiet manner. Yet we would warn you that Ethel is not entirely void of those symptoms that accompany a flirtatious propensity. We have noted her caudy (boxes) and numerous letters. She’ll surely not sail alone upon the sea of life for more than forty years. Secretary, Y. W. A., '15-'16; Secretary Lanier Society, '15-'16; Member Varsity Basket Ball Team.

# The Sororian



SARA ANDERSON PRINCE, B. A.

Anderson, S. C.

*"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."*

If it were customary to change people's names, Sara's certainly ought to be changed from Sara to Diligence or Conscientiousness, for she certainly is a combination of both. Sara has won many friends in school. Even though she has always been a day student she seems to be able to get "in" with most of the boarders remarkably well. We wish for her all that is good after she turns from her Alma Mater to face the world.

SYBIL IZETTA PRUITT, B. A.

Starr, S. C.

*"Consistency, thou art a jewel."*

What is there too good to be said about Izetta. She is truly a jewel in more respects than that of consistency. One look into her pretty brown eyes will prove to you that she is one of the best "all-round" classmates in the world. Nobody but a Society President can ever truly appreciate Izetta's true worth as a program committee chairman, a secretary and critic. When there's a responsibility to be borne she is always willing to carry her share of the burden. Such true worth cannot be long hidden and it is our guess that ere long Izetta will have "Some One" to help share the future responsibilities.

Member Advertising Committee Sororian, '14-'15; Vice-President Estherian Society, '14; Vice-President Junior Class; Treasurer Lanier Literary Society, '14; Chairman Y. W. C. A. Program Committee, '14-'15; Critic Lanier Society, '15; Treasurer Senior Class, '16; Chairman Program Committee Lanier Society, '15; Member Varsity Basket Ball Team, '15-'16; President Lanier Literary Society, Second Term, '16.



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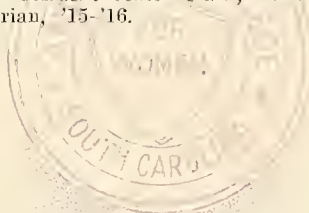


MAGGIE SHIRLEY, B. A.

Anderson, S. C.

*"Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched in a breast of nobler virtues."*

Here is the "joy of our hearts" in the athletic line. Maggie is *some* basket ball player and tennis champion as well. Truly, she could exchange places with the real "Modesty" in "Everywoman" for she is modesty itself. She has won the hearts of all her classmates, and we feel proud to own a member as rare as she. President Athletic Association, '15; Captain Varsity Basket Ball Team, '15-'16; Senior Representative of Student Government Association, '15-'16; Historian Estherian Society, '16; Vice-President Senior Class; Business Manager Sororian, '15-'16.



CATHERINE SULLIVAN, B. A.

"SKIT"

*"And still we gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
How one small head could carry all she knew."*

"Skit"! That very name itself, left alone on the page, would imply as much or more than pages written about her. What would we do without her—our "little" Sponsor. If you had to get from Skit, her sterling qualities, I'm afraid you'd never know she had them. But "still water runs deep" you know, and if we don't watch her, she will be getting something more than an ordinary sized letter in the mail that comes from the Clemson direction. Treasurer Y. W. A., '12-'14; Chairman Program Committee Estherian Society, '12-'14; Historian Estherian Society, '13-'14; President Class, '13-'14; Associate Editor-in-Chief of Sororian, '13-'14; Editor-in-Chief of Sororian, '14-'15; Poet of Class, '14-'15; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, '15-'16; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16; Poet of Class, '16; President Student Government Association, '15-'16.

# The Sororian



KARAN TRAYNHAM, B. A.

Honea Path, S. C.

*"Time, still as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth."*

Karan comes to school every day on the inter-urban, thereby giving us her acquaintance in broken doses. Studious, reserved and with a sufficient amount of dignity, she lives among us during the few short hours of the day, and we depart from her with the regret that it was our misfortune not to have known her better.

EULA MAE TURBEVILLE, B. A.

Charleston, S. C.

*"Wisdom is better far than rubies."*

We proudly show this classmate to the world as our only "Charlestonian." Eula Mae came to join us in September and we have been made to realize that there must be a few shining stars who have periled the hardships of Fresh., Soph. and Junior "isms" in other seas than Anderson College. Providence must surely have provided a place here for her in the very beginning, for she "fits" in so exactly that it is hard to realize that "she was not always thus." House President, '15-'16; Vice-President Athletic Association, '15-'16; Business Manager Varsity Basket Ball Team, '15-'16; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16.

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GRACE WATKINS, B. A.

Belton, S. C.

*"A maiden never bold."*

Grace is another who comes to us only to leave again. But she has never left in time of conflict and disaster. If she had given her consent to deprive herself the pleasure of riding on the interurban twice a day and remain among us for a while, we could tell you more about her. But this we have discerned, that Grace is amiable, happy-hearted and patriotic to her Alma Mater, and when it comes to fast speaking, Grace has won the "loving cup." Senior Representative Town Students' Government Association, '15-'16.

FELICIA BROWN

Certificate Domestic Science

Anderson, S. C.

*"Man's love is of man's life—a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence."*

Our fair friend Felicia has very aptly made the remark, "Kissing don't last, cookery do." We have always known Felicia to be of quick perception, but we realize more than ever that she knows whereof she speaks, for she is well versed in the art of love—and we can already understand now why she so persistently clung to the determination to graduate in cooking.



# The Sororian



## Senior Poem—"The Leave-Taking"

"Entreat us not to leave thee,  
Alma Mater, Mother dear,  
Send us not into the world,  
Far from all thy love and care.

"We are young, we do not know  
The world and all its way,  
We'd remain and learn by thee,  
Dear Mother, let us stay."

"Nay, my children, do not urge me,  
Now my task for you is done:  
Others there are waiting for me,  
Other works to be begun.

"Long I have taught and trained you  
For Life's high and greater task,  
My teachings may you ne'er forget,  
This be the recompense I ask.

"Go you out into the world,  
All, I've done for you, I can,  
Now I send you forth to serve,  
Teach and help your fellow-man.

"Be ye women, strong and true,  
Always this ideal be thine,  
Live a life, that watching, I  
May be proud to call you mine.

"Then, my children, fare you well,  
Love, our hearts together binds,  
Go, the blessing taking with thee  
Of the Mother of thy minds."

—C. S., '16.

# The Sororian

## Senior Class History



IN September, 1912, there assembled in this College a band of lasses, young and tender. Here we flocked to begin our dream of college life. The last brick had hardly been laid before we had arrived, bag and baggage, not to mention a few very homesick maidens with tearful eyes. It was a jolly verdant Freshman Class of some fifteen girls in all the glory of ignorance and youth that bravely faced the joys and hardships of the year 1912-13.

This first year was the source of great success, as in it the first seeds of knowledge were sown, and the first steps toward the goal which we now approach were taken. June came and with it all the glory and bliss of Sophomore wisdom.

When we returned the second year it was as wise Sophomores, for as usual we had some of the true characteristics of those beings. However, this assumed vanity soon decreased and we began to realize our station and to work for that more lofty place. Some of our members began to gain prominence as students and as all-round girls, showing that the '16 Class had the leaders that were to be.

Then came the time of Junior serenity. The laudable wisdom of last year was forever silenced in the struggle to ascend the steepest and most rugged part of our path. With firm-set minds we climbed steadily, gaining fame as we went. Our class is not only noted for its good students, but also as being alive on the athletic field. We are blessed, too, in having some musicians among our number. The close of the year found our class bearing a great many of the responsibilities, which they have continued to do with much skill.

Now we have come to that longed-for period in our lives. After all it isn't so much of an exalted feeling to look on the under-classmen. Of course, the first thing, we began to plan those Senior privileges; we spent some time in deciding what and how many we should have. At last they were carefully prepared and presented to the authorities. We have received unlimited pleasures from "That Privilege."

Besides the many forms of greatness achieved and those that have been thrust upon us, the Class has made history for both the College and itself by being the largest class to graduate and the first to begin as Freshmen.

As we are nearing the last round of our Alma Mater's ladder ready to take our first step into the great outside world, let us invoke her everlasting blessing upon us and pledge to her our never-failing loyalty.



## Announcement

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*(Special to the State.)*

ANDERSON, February 14, 1920.—Never was Anderson a scene of such splendor and gaiety as on last evening, when Miss Ruth Anderson became the bride of Lieutenant James R. Rochfield, of the U. S. Navy.

The ceremony was performed by the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, where the wedding took place. The church was beautifully decorated by Miss Catherine Sullivan, one of Philadelphia's leading florists.

The altar was transformed into a fragrant and exquisite flower garden which seemed a bit of fairyland itself.

There were two walks in the garden leading to a mound of ferns and bride's roses, in front of which the bridal party stood. Just before the familiar, yet ever-loved strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, which was played by Directress M. Henry's Orchestra, broke the solemn stillness, Madame Sarah E. Stranathan, the bride's Senior Sponsor, sang in a most beautiful manner "Because." The bridesmaids then entered by twos and took their stand on either side of the altar.

They were Misses Nelle Darracott, Professor of German at Hollins College, Hollins, Va., Izetta Pruitt, gymnasium teacher at Miss Dargan's School in Boston, Eula May Turbeville, President of the Gentry-Turbeville Reformatory, in Tennessee, Nelle Gentry, Lady Principal of the same, Karan Traynham, Assistant in Science Department of Anderson College, and Zuliene Masters, President of the non-Examination League of South Carolina.

The maid of honor was Miss Lou Nelle McGee, language teacher in the Du Bois Deaf and Dumb School for boys.

After the ceremony the guests were invited to the home of the bride's parents, where an elegant wedding supper was served by Caterer Felicia Brown, of New York City. After which the bridal party gathered around the table and sang with joy and feeling:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind,  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of Auld Lang Syne.



# The Sororian

The bride's wedding gown, a creation of white satin and real lace, was designed by Modiste Helena Burriss, also of New York City. Her traveling suit was of dark blue broadcloth with hat and gloves to match.

Miss Anderson is one of Anderson's most charming young women and will be greatly missed by all.

Lieutenant Rochfield comes from one of the first families of Massachusetts, and is one of the wealthiest men of that State, having inherited a great part of his property from his first wife.

Among the out-of-town guests were:

Misses Ethel Norris, a nurse at John Hopkins Hospital; Sarah Prince, head of the Prince Beauty Parlors of Atlanta; Grace Watkins, expression teacher at Due West College; Nelle Martin, fat reducer at the Billy Bounce Institute; Louise Henry, superintendent of the Infant Department of Margaret Arnold Orphanage, and Maggie Shirley, president of South Carolina Suffrage League.

—LOUISE HENRY, *Prophet*, '16.





## Last Will and Testament



WE, the Class of 1916, being thoroughly convinced of the fact that we are in full possession of all our mental faculties, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament, the same to be executed with all due respect and reverence by our loyal successors, the Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors, respectively. We, at the same time, make null and void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

First, we do direct that our funeral services be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, the Faculty—only that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp that our situation in the College scale has merited.

As to such estate it has pleased the fates to give us, we, in our own strong minds, do dispose of the same as follows, viz.:

ITEM I. We will and bequeath to the College all scratches and damaged furniture, all holes made in the walls to hold our pennants and pictures, assured of the fact that the said scratches and cracks made by us will, to coming generations, prove useful and inspiring.

ITEM II. We give and bequeath to the Faculty a respite from our numerous petitions which they have so faithfully and diligently refused.

ITEM III. To the Juniors, realizing from sad and limited experience the need of a "privilege," we do hereby give and bequeath our treasured "privilege," to be used with care lest they be deprived of it.

ITEM IV. To the Sophomores we bequeath our "lowly and contrite spirits," entreating them to appropriate this legacy at the earliest possible moment, lest they be led astray by their sophistication and fallacious reasoning.

ITEM V. To the Juniors, feeling their need of a stronger memory, we give our remembrance of the Junior-Senior reception of 1915, and in addition to this little pocket editions of "Hints on how Juniors can entertain Seniors."

ITEM VI. To the Freshmen we leave all the delicate attention bestowed upon us by the rats, mice and other reptiles, being assured that they will ever prove themselves "friends that stick closer than a brother."

# The Sororian

ITEM VII. We do give and bequeath to our sponsor our peculiar ability to wear bangs becomingly. This we do, knowing that she above all others envies us that gift.

ITEM VIII. Nell Martin, being encumbered with superfluous avoirdupois, does will to Miss Geary her excessive weight, the same to be used by the legatee to fill in hollow places.

ITEM IX. Sara Prince wills her "toe-proof" shoes to Mell Whitlock, the said shoes being guaranteed to screw a hole in any floor, thereby bringing immediate inspiration for answering any interrogation.

ITEM X. To Miss Demarest, Grace Watkins leaves her ability for slow and deliberate manner of speech.

ITEM XI. Catherine Sullivan, being of an accurate and precise disposition for estimating the measurements of any and every substance, bequeaths to Goode Burton her "bushel and drop" measures, feeling that Goode's garrulous inclination needs careful and exact balancing.

ITEM XII. Nell Gentry falteringly parts with her most serviceable and muchly-worn khaki suit, bestowing the same upon Emily Sullivan. Her conceit she leaves to Margaret Perrin.

ITEM XIII. Ruth Anderson bequeaths to her sponsor her deep patriotism to country, State and family, requesting that this devotion be taken by the recipient without argumentation.

ITEM XIV. Marguerite Henry pleadingly requests of Lois Anderson, her sister "in frater" to partake of the former's loyal devotion to her Frat pin, her Davidson mail, her Davidson pennant and pillow, the last mentioned to be taken upon the promise that none shall ever sit thereon.

ITEM XV. Zulene Masters bequeaths to Annie Welborn her aversion to hurrying thru meals.

ITEM XVI. To Marie Nelson, Maggie Shirley wills her self-confidence and self-imagined executive ability, feeling that none other than she could use the same so advantageously, since she has already exceeded her in her great opinion of herself.

ITEM XVII. Eula Mae Turbeville and Louise Henry bestow their determination of carrying their points regardless, to Essie and Clara Cook, same to be used in the same sisterly manner as has been heretofore done.

ITEM XVIII. Karan Traynham leaves to Annie Laurie Dugan her eager responsiveness to Dr. Kinard's "mornin'" salutation.

# The Sororian

ITEM XIX. To Fannie Sue McCurry, her romantic roommate, Ethel Norris leaves her approval of second marriages.

ITEM XX. Helen Burriss leaves her exuberance of verbosity to Bertha Hall.

ITEM XXI. Izetta Pruitt leaves to Emily Sullivan her unflinching manner of approach, her dauntless, unwavering courage and ability to meet defeat with a smile.

ITEM XXII. After much contemplation Lou Nelle McGee has decided to give full permission to all her underclassmen to come to her at any time for the latest dope in gossip.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We, the Senior Class aforesaid, have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seal this the fifteenth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

HELEN BURRISS

IZETTA PRUITT

ETHEL NORRIS

EULA MAE TURBEVILLE

CATHERINE SULLIVAN

LOU NELLE MCGEE

LOUISE HENRY

NELLE GENTRY

ZULIENE MASTERS

MAGGIE SHIRLEY

NELLE MARTIN

KARAN TRAYNHAM

GRACE WATKINS

RUTH ANDERSON

SARA PRINCE

NELLE DARRACOTT

MARGUERITE HENRY

Then and there signed, sealed and published by the Senior Class of 1916, as and for their last will in the presence of us, who at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto set our names as witnesses.

SARA E. STRANATHAN

H. H. WATKINS

MARY S. ABBOTT

HELEN P. SMITH

# The Sororian

## CODICIL

We, the Senior Class, having disposed of all our possessions, now desiring to bestow our valuables, do make this, our codicil, the same to be fixed to the aforesaid will:

ARTICLE I. Deeming as our most valuable of valuables Capt. Watkins' love for us, we bestow this most prized devotion to the girls we leave behind us.

WITNESS WHEREOF, We, the Class of 1916, the testators, have hereunto set our hands and seals. THE SENIOR CLASS.

Witness to codicil:

SARA E. STRANATHAN

HELEN F. HUNTER

FREDERICK A. GOODE

MARJORIE C. GEARY





ANDERSON COLLEGE  
*Senior Pianoforte Recital*

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MISS MARGUERITE HENRY

ASSISTED BY

*The College Glee Club*

MARCH 10, 1916

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*PROGRAM*

<i>Beethoven</i> . . . . .	Sonata, Op. I, No. 2, Allegro
<i>Grieg</i> . . . . .	Berceuse
<i>Friml</i> . . . . .	Evening Song
<i>Mendelssohn</i> . . . . .	Scherzo, E minor
<i>Strauss-Macy</i> . . . . .	Blue Danube Waltz
<i>Cesek</i> . . . . .	Waltz in A Flat
<i>MacDowell</i> . . . . .	Scotch Poem

Far away on the rock-coast of Scotland  
Where the old grey castle projecteth  
Over the wild raging sea,  
There at the lofty and arched window,  
Standeth a woman beauteous, but ill,  
Softly transparent and marble pale;  
And she's playing her harp and she's singing  
And the wind through her long locks forceth its way,  
And beareth her gloomy song  
Over the wide and tempest-toss'd sea.

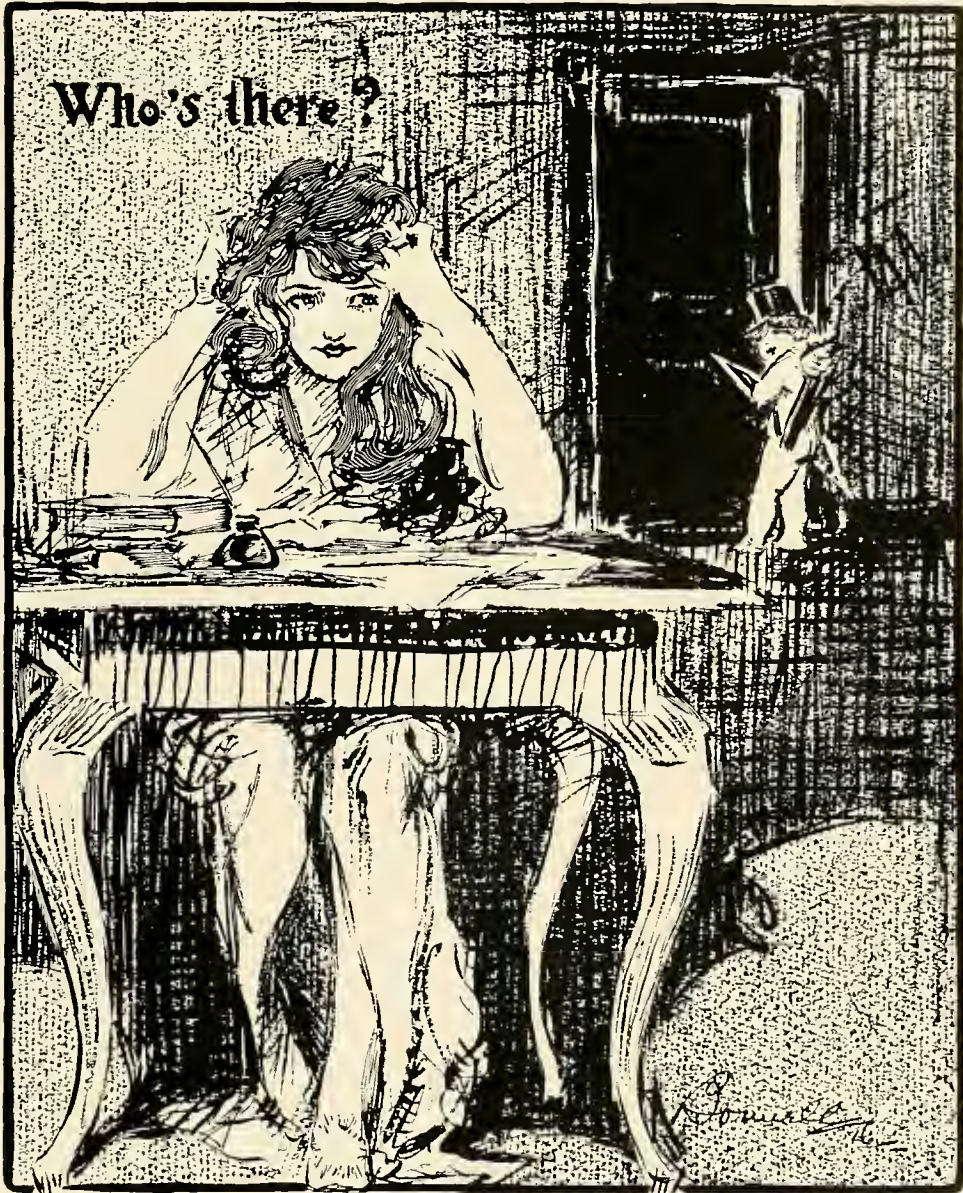
<i>Chopin</i> . . . . .	} Mazurka Polonaise
<i>Cowen-Schnecker</i> . . . . .	
<i>Schumann</i> . . . . .	Warum
<i>MacDowell</i> . . . . .	Arabesque



# The Sororian



# JUNIOR :- :







## Junior Class

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### OFFICERS:

BRUCIE OWINGS . . . . . *President*  
BLANCHE DALRYMPLE . . . . . *Vice-President*  
MARGARET CLEMENT . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*  
WILMA ERWIN . . . . . *Poet*

COLORS: Pink and Silver

FLOWER: Rose

MOTTO: *Wie die Arbeit so der Lohn*

### MEMBERS:

JANET BOLT  
MARY BOWIE  
MARGARET BYRUM  
MARGARET CLEMENT  
BLANCHE DALRYMPLE  
WILMA ERWIN  
LURA KING  
NORA McALISTER  
BRUCIE OWINGS  
BESSIE PRUITT  
MARY RILEY  
WILLIE WRAY ROBINSON

# The Sororian



## Junior History

WE are just on the verge of entering the long-looked-for realm of Seniorhood; and as we look back over the years since we began our college career, we realize that we are almost at the goal for which we have striven so hard.

Since we first met in September, 1913, an unpretentious band of eighteen, we have worked and played together. Together we faced the trials, common to all Freshmen, and in vain we asserted our rights. Thus we flourished in the verdant realm of the Freshmen, until we were given the title of Sophomores. At this time we learned to "sophisticate the unsophisticated" and to hold familiar intercourse with the Seniors, a privilege hitherto denied. Now we have attained the Junior Class, blessed with all the dignity, ease and grace becoming such. In spite of the fact that our ranks are somewhat thinner than three years ago, we stand ready to enter our last year under the care of our Alma Mater with all the courage and zeal of well-bred Juniors.

—L. K. '17.





**SOPHOMORE ::**



## Sophomore Class

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### OFFICERS:

MARIE NELSON . . . . .	<i>President</i>
ANNE WELBORNE . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUTH BURDINE . . . . .	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
KATHLEEN BURRISS . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
ANNIE LAURIE DUGAN . . . . .	<i>Critic</i>
RUTH HEMBREE . . . . .	<i>Poet</i>

COLORS: Green and Gold

FLOWER: Goldenrod

MOTTO: *Let us make ourselves a noble name: with deeds of noble merit*

SLOGAN: Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we'll be Juniors.

### MEMBERS:

EDNA MAYS	
AMANDA SHIRLEY	
FANNIE SUE McCURRY	
RUTH BURDINE	MATTIE BOLT
KATHLEEN BURRISS	WILLIE BOWIE
GLADYS CHAMBLEE	MARIE NELSON
CLARA COOK	LOUISE SHEARER
ANNIE LAURIE DUGAN	NANNIE SMITH
RUTH HEMBREE	RUBY WARDLAW
NANCY KING	MARY STARK WATKINS
OLIVE LEE	ANNE WELBORNE



# The Sororian





# The Sororian

## The Sophomore Class History



IN the sixteenth of September, 1912, there came into being a class at Anderson College. It was born quietly and unnoticed. The class that had thus the privilege of beginning its life at the same time that the college started upon its career, consisted of Ruth Hembree, Olive Lee, Nannie Smith and Mary Stark Watkins. Perhaps the insignificance of our existence was based on the fact that we were Preps, and hence an unnecessary accumulation of society.

The following fall Gladys Chamblee, Nauey King and Edna Mays came to help us assume responsibility as older Preps. We didn't let the fact that we were still Preps stand in the way of our development, for we all had one thing in common, "hope," and we marched steadily ahead ready to fight any battle. During this year one of our members was favored by the muse of poetry and her best work appeared in that year's *SORORIAN*.

We were encouraged when we found ten others ready to take up the work with us as Freshmen. This increased our number to seventeen, and now we were organized and really became an important class of the College. Mary Starke Watkins, one of our charter members, was elected president. Annie Welborne was made vice-president, and Robbie Covin, secretary. We were so pleased with Ruth Hembree's previous success as a poet that she was elected as class poet for all years. This year we found ourselves entering upon new and altogether untried subjects. It seemed at times that we should be destroyed by such monsters as Trigonometry, Physics and Virgil, but for the most part we were victorious. It was with the greatest patience that we endured every trial and hardship of that year, because we were optimistic and hoped that in a year we should be Sophomores.

Shall we ever forget the day we realized that the long-looked-for desire of being a Sophomore was a reality? It is a feeling long to be remembered and an event of the utmost importance in the life of each of us. Marie Nelson was chosen as our president and leader for the year, with Annie Welborne as vice-president and Ruth Burdine, secretary. This year we have all formed ourselves and are earnestly striving for a definite goal. Three of our members, Annie Laurie Dugan, Amanda Shirley and Ruby Wardlaw, should be praised for the wonderful patience they have developed this year in waiting for the interurban. Louise Shearer should be congratulated for her punctuality at chapel and chorus and should be an example to the rest of us. During the year Ruth Burdine has become very much attached to the study of German, and has made up her mind to devote all her surplus time to it. Willie Bowie, the wee one of our number, has cultivated the bad habit of "cutting" French Class and should be reproved for such things.

One of our achievements worthy of mention is the victory we and the Seniors won over the Junior-Freshmen in basket ball on Thanksgiving Day.

—KATHLEEN BURRISS, '18.

# FRESHMAN . . . . .



PEACH!

I.M. GREEN.  
GRIFFIN. G.

Roussell



## Freshman Class

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### OFFICERS

EMILY SULLIVAN . . . . . *President*  
MARGARET PERRIN . . . . . *Vice-President*  
MELLE WHITLOCK . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*  
FLORIDE PRUITT . . . . . *Poet*

COLORS: Purple and Gold

FLOWER: Pansy

MOTTO: *Nihil, Nisi, Nisi*

### MEMBERS

LOIS ANDERSON	LAFAYETTE JOHNSON
GLENNA BARRETT	MATTIE MAYFIELD
GRACE CAMPBELL	LUCY MCPHAIL
ANNIE MAY CANADAY	MARTHA OWING
ESSIE COOK	SARAH SANDERS
VIVIAN COX	LILA SAWYER
LUCILE DEVLIN	MAMIE SHIRLEY
CATHERINE FRETWELL	PAULINE SMITH
LUCILE HAYNIE	EMILY SULLIVAN
EDITH HUBBARD	MELLE WHITLOCK
GLADYS KEITH	ETTA WATKINS
ANNA BELLE STRICKLAND	
MILDRED WRIGHT	

# The Sororian





# The Sororian

## Entre Nous

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Our Class is the largest in Anderson College,  
The other classes think we haven't much knowledge.  
(But there's one thing we make it a rule not to do,  
To go around boasting of the books we've been through.)

Proud Sophs, bright Juniors, and wise Seniors, all  
Look quite dignified as they pass in the hall.  
(We wonder why they think there's so little we know,  
We're exactly where they were two or three years ago!)

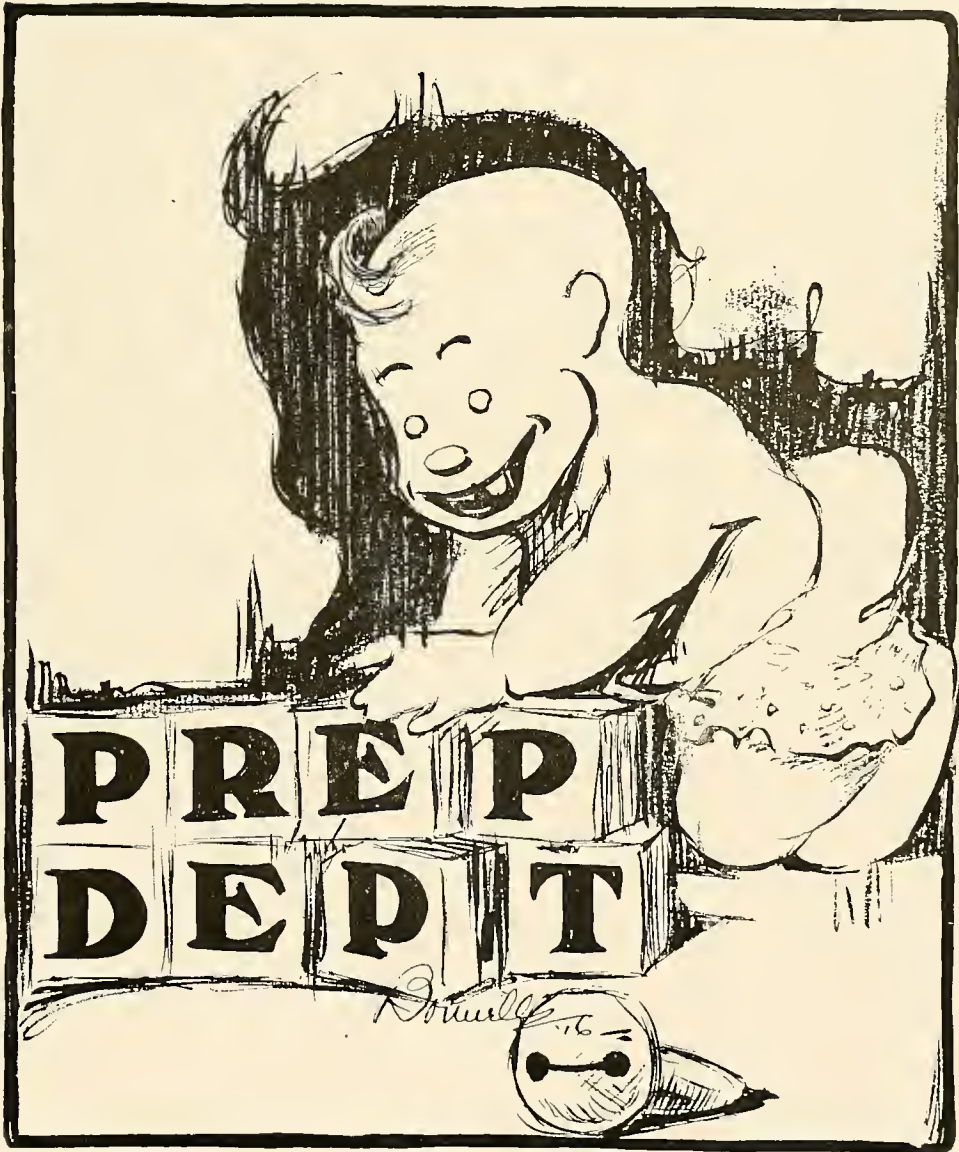
The Sophs. think there's nothing that they don't know,  
(Because, you see, they were here one year ago),  
The Juniors pass us with pitying looks,  
As they glance down upon our numerous books.

The Seniors say, "Freshman, you will shed many tears  
Before you have been here all the four years."  
(We don't mind very much what they say,  
But just keep on studying harder each day.)

We patiently listen to the things they've had to do,  
All the time thinking we're sure we can, too;  
And some day (for we are getting more and more knowledge)—  
We'll be the shining stars of Anderson College.

—*Floride Pruitt*, '19.





# The Sororian



## Preparatory Department

### OFFICERS

ELIZABETH BUXTON . . . . . *President*  
 HELEN CHAMBLEE . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*  
 SARA McFALL . . . . . *Poet*

COLORS: Blue and Gold

FLOWER: Goldenrod

MOTTO:

### MEMBERS

MARY AIKEN  
 ELIZABETH BUXTON  
 HELEN CHAMBLEE  
 CARYL COX  
 BERTHA HALL  
 GERTRUDE HAYES

ETRURIA HEMBREE  
 MAY LIGON  
 IRENE MARTIN  
 CAROLYN McFALL  
 SARA McFALL  
 ROSADA TALBERT

# The Sororian

## “Preps”

Here we are, bright, happy, and gay,  
Destroying our ignorance by learning each day.  
We make our ninetys and hundreds, too,  
Just as the dignified Seniors do.

Miss Buxton has a very hard time each day  
Teaching us English, to use the correct way;  
When we go to class we must not forget  
To bring sketch book, Baldwin, pencil, and tablet.

Miss Maddocks looks at us with a twinkling eye  
When our Math, we do not know, but try;  
She will always smile and say,  
“Now girls, let’s try hard and do better next day.”

Latin and History, as we all know,  
Are gained by hard study anywhere one may go.  
Each study we let an A B C block be;  
We’ll be dignified Seniors when we hold the Z.  
SARA MCFALL, '20.

# The Sororian







"SWEET COLLEGE  
DEBUTANTE"  
...  
AN ACT UNSURPASSED  
\*  
MYSTERIOUS  
WONDERFUL  
STUNNING  
DONT MISS IT -

**SPECIAL::  
STUDENTS**





## Special Class

---

GOODE BURTON

LAKE McALLISTER

JULIA LEDBETTER

MARGARET PERRIN

GLADYS WHITE

MOLLY HORTON

# The Sororian



# The Sororian

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., Jan. 16, 1925.—An old maids' convention has been assembled in Newport News, which has caused much interest and excitement.

More than a million ladies belong to this old maids' convention and this being the national convention, quite that number are in attendance here in the old maids' hall. Not being a world-wide convention, it is marvelous to note how many single ladies do exist. The president of the northern and southern branches, Miss Mary Aiken, was too feeble to attend, but her able assistant and vice-president, Miss Marjorie Geary, of New Jersey, conducted the meetings with humility and contriteness. A very important paper on "The Reason We Can't Get Married," was read by Miss Marie Nelson. A very exciting number of the program was a debate, "Resolved, That if we could be renovated we might tip the matrimonial scale." Affirmative, Miss Lois Anderson, Miss Alice Ruby Buxton; Negative, Miss Myra Anderson, Miss Gladys Chamblee. Judges, Miss Florence Maddocks, Miss Ruth Anderson, Miss Catherine Sullivan. Verdict in favor of negative. They think there's no chance at whatever cost. The meeting was closed with the singing of a song, "Oh! for a man to cheer my heart." They repeated in unison, "A man, a man, my kingdom for a man." The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President, Miss I. Ropem.  
Vice-President, U. Catchem.  
Secretary, W. E. Marry.  
Treasurer, H. E. Dodges.

One of our especially intelligent Seniors has been attempting to write verse since her Freshman year; after such laborious endeavors we are proud (?) to present the fruits of her toil:

## RABBITS

Rabbits can easily move their ears,  
A thing I've vainly tried for years.



A decorative border in a golden-yellow color frames the entire page. It features stylized floral motifs, including large flowers with multiple petals and leaves, and smaller circular floral elements. The design is reminiscent of Art Nouveau or Arts and Crafts style patterns.

Book  
Club

Societies  
and  
Organizations

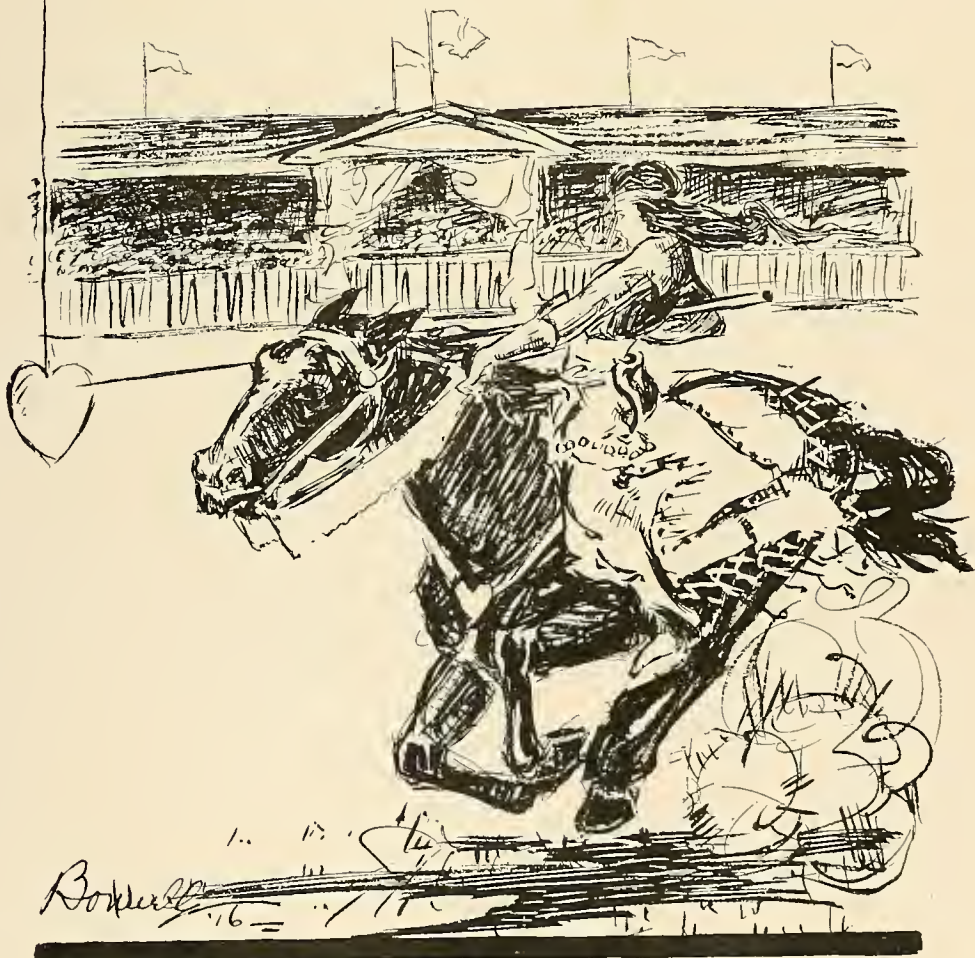






# ATHLETICS:-

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## Varsity Basket Ball Team

EULA MAE TURBEVILLE . . . . . <i>Manager</i>	MAGGIE SHIRLEY . . . . . <i>Captain</i>
WILMA ERWIN	ETHEL NORRIS
LAFAYETTE JOHNSON	NELLE DARRACOTT
NORA McALLISTER	IZETTA PRUITT
EMILY SULLIVAN	NELLE GENTRY



## Senior-Sophomore Basket Ball Team

MAGGIE SHIRLEY . . . . . *Manager*  
ZULIENE MASTERS  
ETHEL NORRIS  
NELLE DARRACOTT  
HELEN BURRISS  
NELLE MARTIN  
NELLE GENTRY  
IZETTA PRUITT

# The Sororian



## Freshman-Junior Basket Ball Team

NORA McALISTER

LAFAYETTE JOHNSON

MELLE WHITLOCK

LAKE McALISTER

FLORIDE PRUITT

MARY BOWIE

EMILY SULLIVAN

ELIZABETH BUXTON

WILMA ERWIN



# The Sororian



## Tennis Club

MARY AIKEN

LOU NELLE MCGEE

MISS GEARY

LOUISE HENRY

BRUCIE OWINGS

ANNIE MAE CANADAY

SARA SANDERS

GOODE BURTON

RITA HENRY

BLANCHE DALRYMPLE

WILMA ERWIN

ROSADA TALBERT

LAFAYETTE JOHNSON

TOMMY BURNETT, *Mascot*

# The Sororian

## "The Vic!!!"

There's a sound down in Tramp's Alley,  
That will e'er in our memories stay;  
It is framed in dreamy fancy.

We will love it forever and aye.

You can hear it in the morning,  
When the rising bell has rung;  
You can hear it after breakfast,  
'Til the classes are begun.

You can hear it, too, at noontide,  
Just before our midday meal:  
You hear it every afternoon,  
From four to six without fail!

Well, what's this sound so magic  
That you hear the whole day thro' ?  
It's our wonderful little victrola,  
How we love it! You would, too.

If it played for you each morning,  
From early dawn 'til close of day,  
You'd always want it with you,  
To chase the gloomy hours away.

Oh! Those grand Hawaiian records,  
"Constaney" and "Huloo Hulli,"  
"Down among the Sheltering Palms,"  
"Oh, my Honey, wait for me."

"When I was a dreamer,  
In the land of my best girl,  
I looked in your eyes and found diamonds,  
And sought for the gold in your curls."

"When the Angelus is ringing,"  
"IndiAnna and the Whistling Coon,"  
"Foxy Grandpa's Dancing  
'Neath the Irish moon."

"Let's do that funny Fox Trot,"  
"In the Moonlight on the Rhine,"  
"Cohen owed me nineteen dollars,"  
"In the good old Summertime."

All those dear familiar records,  
That I now have brought to mind,  
I'll leave to you as a token,  
For the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

## Bangs!!

---

You may talk of the safe, sane Seniors,  
You may sing their praises, too,  
You may tell of all they've done  
And all they're going to do,  
But if you could see them now,  
With this fuzz upon their brow.  
A 'lookin' as tho' their head's about to freeze,  
Methinks that you would find  
That soon you'd change your mind,  
And pray a Senior that you'd never be.

For it's bangs, bangs, bangs,  
'Til all the crowd's quite crazy over bangs.  
Two hairs? It matters not  
One of them is cut,  
For in spite of all, this crowd  
Must have their bangs.

Then drink, drink, drink  
On what you may be ever apt to think,  
But so long as one hair hangs,  
Pray the style may not be bangs  
Then drink, drink long, but never drink to bangs.

—C. SULLIVAN, '16.

# The Sororian

## Yells

Je Hee! Je Hee!  
Je Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Anderson! Anderson!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Kiro! Kiro!  
Sis! Boom! Rah!  
Anderson! Anderson!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Oh! there is a school  
That's known in the game  
The name is Anderson College,  
And she's won us fame.  
Oh we'd like to know  
A school with more go,  
And we'll all stand by her  
'Til the end, Oh!

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven!  
All good children go to Heaven.  
When we get there we will yell,  
Where are our opponents? Well! well! well!

Ki Mo Ki!  
Hi Mo Hi!  
Zie Zac! Zie Zac!  
Polly won't you rie rac!  
Polly won't you Ki me!  
Anderson! ! !

Razzle Dazzle! Razzle Dazzle!  
Sis Boom Bah!  
Are we in it? Yes, we are.  
Gold and Black! Gold and Black!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rickety Russ! Rickety Russ!  
What in the world's the matter with  
us,  
Nothing at all! Nothing at all!  
We're the kids that handle the ball!

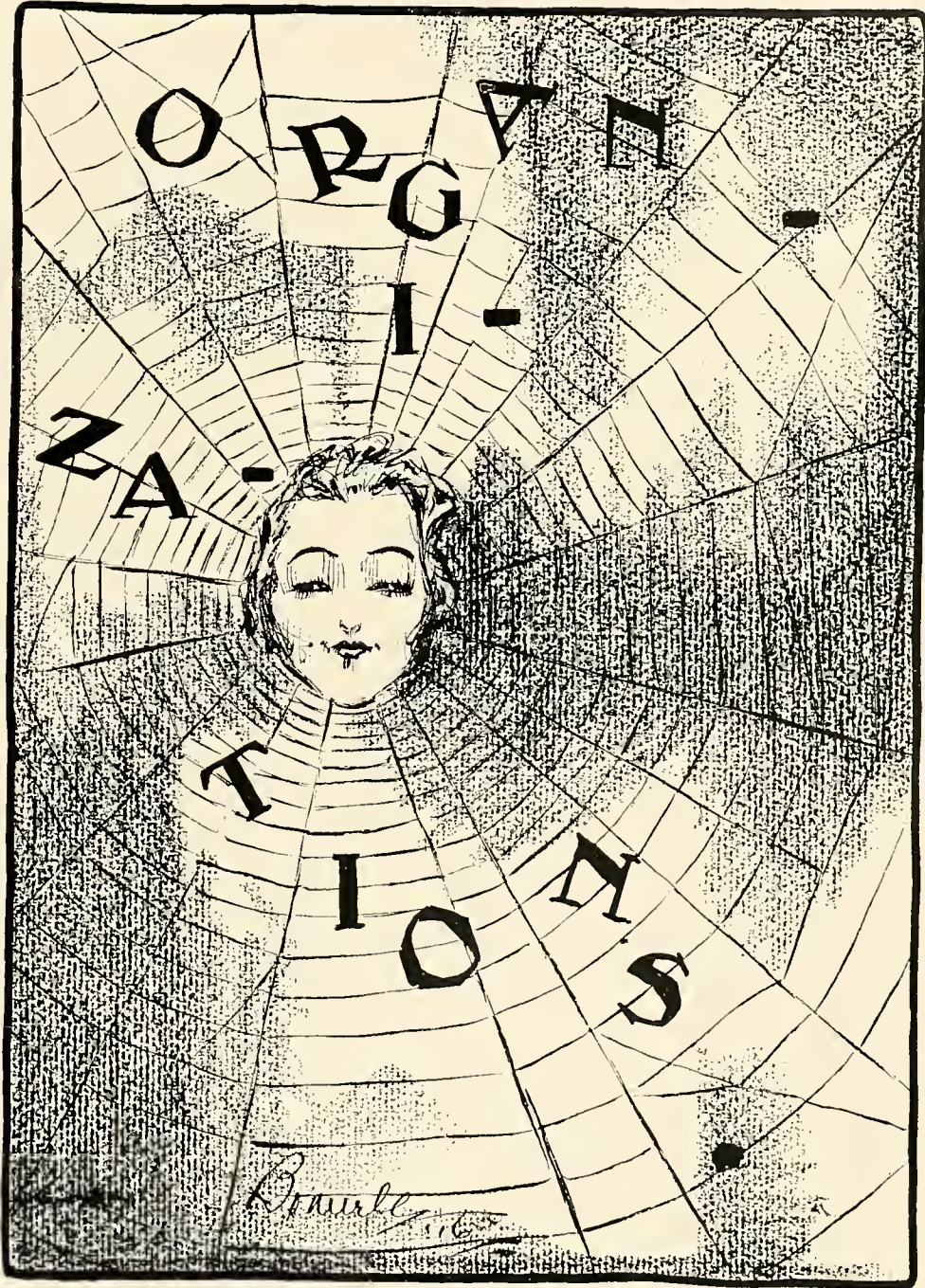
Tee Hee! Tee Ho! Tee Hee Ho! Ho!  
Anderson College'll make 'em go.

Then in Case We Ever LOSE a Game, here's Our "Defeat" Song

Strawberry shortcake, jelly and jam!  
We got beat, but we don't give a ——,  
Rip Van Winkle and his little bull pup,  
We got beat, but we won't give up!

Beat! Beat! Absolutely beat!  
It may sound funny, but it aint so sweet!  
When you've worked with all your might,  
And then you lose the fight! ! !  
B E A T ! spells beat.





ORGAN

I-

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TIONS

B. M. W.



## Lanier Literary Society

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### OFFICERS

MARGUERITE HENRY . . . . .	<i>President</i>
CHARITY WELBORNE . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL NORRIS . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
EDNA MAYS . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
IZETTA PRUITT . . . . .	<i>Critic</i>
MISS BUXTON . . . . .	<i>Sponsor</i>

### MEMBERS

MARY BOWIE	ETHEL NORRIS
HELEN BURRISS	BRUCIE OWINGS
ANNIE MAE CANADAY	BESSIE PRUITT
CLARA COOK	FLORIDE PRUITT
ESSIE COOK	IZETTA PRUITT
BLANCHE DALRYMPLE	EULA MAE TURBEVILLE
WILMA ERVIN	CHARITY WELBORNE
MARGUERITE HENRY	GLADYS WHITE
LAVINIA KINARD	MILDRED WRIGHT
LOU NELLE MCGEE	MARGARET PERRIN
MARIE NELSON	LILA SAWYER
ANNIE BELLE STRICKLAND	

# The Sororian





# The Sororian



LANIER  
LITERARY  
SOCIETY





## Estherian Literary Society

### OFFICERS

CATHERINE SULLIVAN . . . . .	<i>President</i>
NELLE GENTRY . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANNE WELBORNE . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
NORA McALISTER . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
NELLE DARRACOTT . . . . .	<i>Critic</i>
MAGGIE SHIRLEY . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
MARY AIKEN . . . . .	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS

JANET BOLT	NANCY KING	MAGGIE SHIRLEY
GOODE BURTON	JULIA LEDBETTER	NANNIE SMITH
MARY AIKEN	ZULIENE MASTERS	SARAH SANDERS
ELIZABETH BUXTON	NELLE MARTIN	LUCY McPHAIL
NELLE DARRACOTT	NORA McALISTER	ROSADA TOLBERT
LUCILE DEVELIN	LAKE McALISTER	ANNE WELBORNE
NELLE GENTRY	MARTHA OWINGS	MELLE WHITLOCK
LOUISE HENRY	CATHERINE SULLIVAN	MYRA ANDERSON
LAFAYETTE JOHNSON	EMILY SULLIVAN	RUTH ANDERSON

+ The Sororian +



# The Sororian



ESTHERIAN  
LITERARY  
SOCIETY



## Y. W. C. A.

### OFFICERS

LOUISE HENRY . . . . . *President*  
CHARITY WELBORNE . . . . . *Vice-President*  
MARY BOWIE . . . . . *Secretary*  
NELLE DARRACOTT . . . . . *Treasurer*

MARY AIKEN	MISS DEMAREST
JANET BOLT	WILMA ERVIN
MARY BOWIE	NELLE GENTRY
HELEN BURRISS	LOUISE HENRY
GOODE BURTON	MARGUERITE HENRY
ELIZABETH BUXTON	LA FAYETTE JOHNSON
ANNIE MAY CANADAY	NANCY KING
GLADYS CHAMBLEE	MISS MADDOCKS
BLANCHE DALRYMPLE	NELLE MARTIN
NELLE DARRACOTT	ZULIENE MASTERS
EDNA MAYES	IZETA PRUITT
NORA MCALISTER	FLORIDE PRUITT
CAROLYN MCFALL	NANNIE SMITH
SARA MCFALL	MAGGIE SHIRLEY
LOU NELLE MCGEE	CATHERINE SULLIVAN
MARIE NELSON	ROSADA TALBERT
ETHEL NORRIS	EULA MAE TURBEVILLE
BRUCIE OWINGS	ANNIE WELBORNE
MARTHA OWINGS	MELLE WHITLOCKE
MARGARET PERRIN	MILDRED WRIGHT
ANNIE BELLE STRICKLAND	



# The Sororian





## Student Council

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CATHERINE SULLIVAN . . . . .	<i>President</i>
EULA MAE TURBEVILLE . . . . .	<i>House President</i>
NELLE GENTRY . . . . .	<i>House President</i>
BLANCHE DALRYMPLE . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
MAGGIE SHIRLEY . . . . .	<i>Senior Representative</i>
FANNIE SUE McCURRY . . . . .	<i>Sophomore Representative</i>
LAFAYETTE JOHNSON . . . . .	<i>Freshman Representative</i>

# The Sororian





## Co-operative Association of Town Students

MISS SARA PRINCE . . . . . *President*

MISS MARY RILEY . . . . . *Secretary*

### BOARD OF MANAGERS

MISS SARA PRINCE . . . . . *President*

MISS GRACE WATKINS . . . . . *Representative of Senior Class*

MISS MARY RILEY . . . . . *Representative of Junior Class*

MISS RUBY WARDLAW . . . . . *Representative of Sophomore Class*

MISS EDITH HUBBARD . . . . . *Representative of Freshman Class*

MISS HELEN SMITH . . . . . *Chief Adviser*



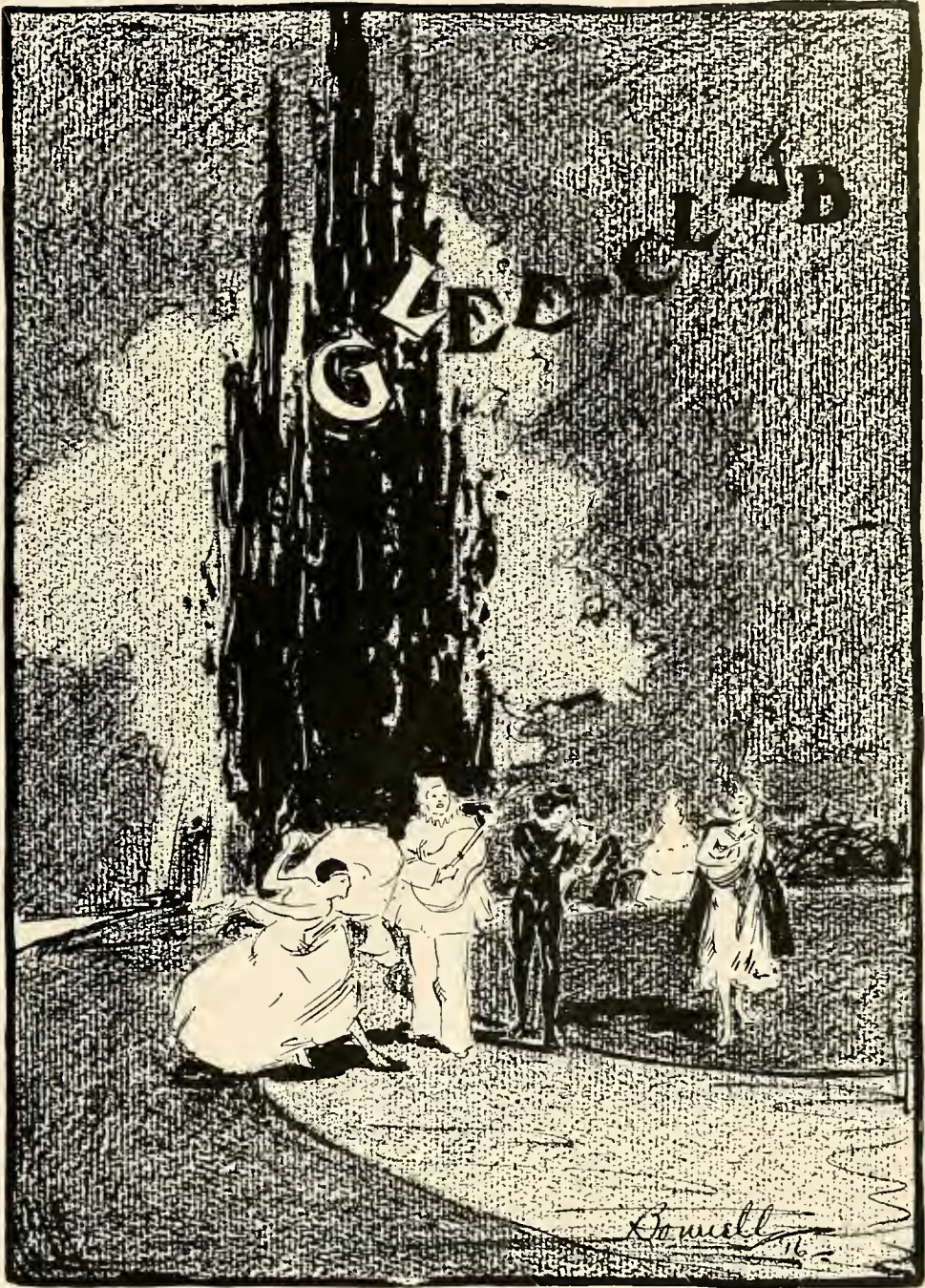
The Sororian



# The Sororian









## Glee Club

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### OFFICERS

MISS SARA E. STRANATHAN . . . . . *Director*

MRS. H. H. HARRISS . . . . . *Accompanist*

### MEMBERS

MARGARET CLINKSCALES	GOODE BURTON
EVA MAYFIELD	KATE CRAWTHER
LOUISE HENRY	LYDIA BEWLEY
ELISABETH LAURENCE	GLADYS WHITE
JULIA LEDBETTER	MARGARET PERRIN
NELLIE PRUITT	NELLE GENTRY
MARGUERITE HENRY	ELIZABETH BUNTON



# The Sororian



GLEE  
CLUB



## Glee Club

### PROGRAM

College Song.

*Cowen-Schnucker* (The Rose Maiden) . . . . . Bridal Chorus  
*Glee Club*

*Gillet-Housley* . . . . . Echoes of the Ball  
*Glee Club*

*Carrie J. Bond* . . . . . Half-Minute Songs

Making the Best of It	A Good Exercise
First Ask Yourself to Understand	A Present from Yourself
The Pleasure of Giving	Keep Awake
Answer the First Rap	When They Say the Unkind Things

*Miss Elizabeth Lawrence*

*Nevin-Harris* . . . . . { The Woodpecker  
Serenade  
The Rosary  
*Glee Club*

*Cowen* . . . . . The Swallows  
*Miss Louise Henry*

*Ambrose* . . . . . The Dusk Witch  
*Glee Club*

### CURTAIN

*Rogers* . . . . . The Night Has a Thousand Eyes

*Neidlinger* . . . . . Sweet Miss Mary

*Misses Louise Henry, Gladys White, Elizabeth Lawrence, Marguerite Henry,  
Lydia Bewley, Julia Ledbetter, Eva Mayfield, Nellie Pruitt.*

*William Arms Fisher* . . . . . { System  
Happy Thought  
Foreign Children  
*Miss Goode Burton*

*Moffat* . . . . . I Had a Little Soldier  
*Glee Club*

*Strauss-Macy* . . . . . Night of Joy  
*Glee Club*

# The Sororian

## Dramatic Club

MARIE NELSON . . . . . *President*

EMILY SULLIVAN . . . . . *Vice-President*

LOU NELLE MCGEE . . . . . *Secretary*

NELLE MARTIN . . . . . *Treasurer*

### ZULIENE MASTERS

MAGGIE SHIRLEY

GLADYS WHITE

NELLE GENTRY

LAFAYETTE JOHNSON

NORA MCALISTER

WILMA ERWIN

IZETTA PRUITT

GRACE WATKINS

NELLE DARRACOTT

HELEN BURRISS



## *Miss Fearless & Co*

PRESENTED BY

The Dramatic Association

OF

Anderson College

---

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Anderson College Auditorium

March 20, 1916

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

MISS MARGARET HENLEY, an heiress . . . . .	<i>Miss Lou Nelle McGee</i>
MISS EUPHENIA ADDISON, her chaperon . . . . .	<i>Miss Marie Nelson</i>
MISS SARAH JANE LOVEJOY, from the Lost Nation . . . . .	<i>Miss Nelle Gentry</i>
KATIE O'CONNOR, Miss Henley's servant . . . . .	<i>Miss LaFayette Johnson</i>
MISS BARBARA LIVINGSTONE, Miss Henley's Guest . . . . .	<i>Miss Nora McAlister</i>
MISS BETTIE CAMERON, another guest . . . . .	<i>Miss Wilma Erwin</i>
MISS MARION REYNOLDS, another guest . . . . .	<i>Miss Gladys White</i>
"JUST LIZZIE", the ghost . . . . .	<i>Miss Emily Sullivan</i>
MISS ALIAS, one of the "Silent Sisters," . . . . .	<i>Miss Nelle Martin</i>
MISS ALIBI, the other "Silent Sister" . . . . .	<i>Miss Margaret Shirley</i>



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MISS FEARLESS & Co.

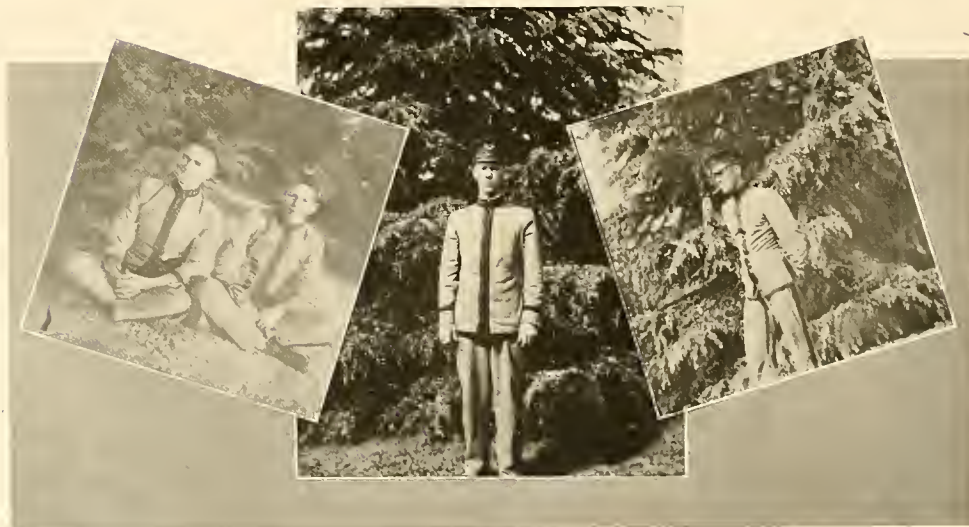
# The Sororian



## TO "CLEMSON"

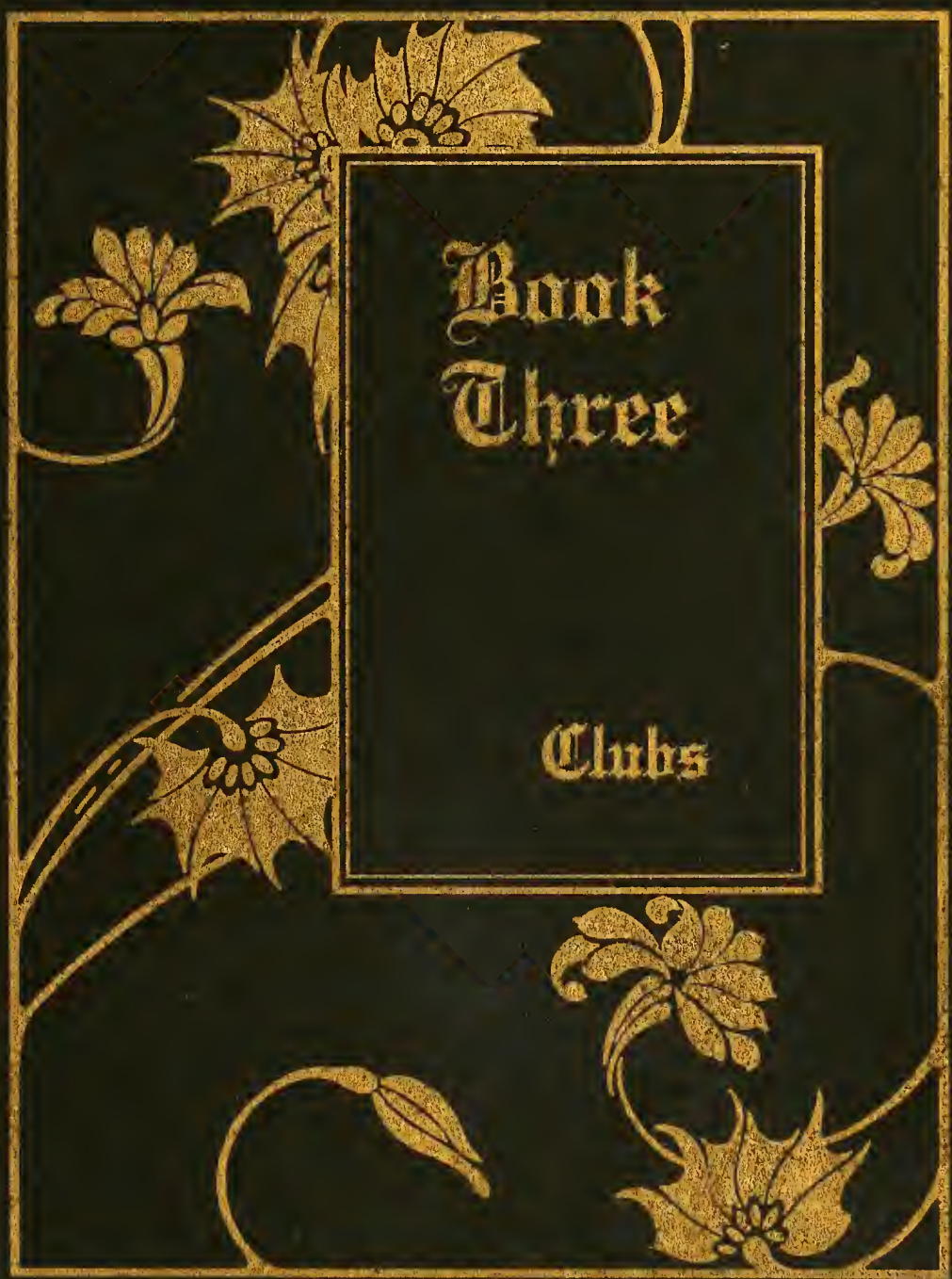
The light pink glow is in the west,  
Though it will not tarry there long,  
For it has bidden man to rest;  
The birds have ceased their merry song.  
I seek the moon and stars for my companions  
And rest beneath the old oak tree.  
Clemson College is our hearts' champion  
And shall always be.  
Upon the green crest hill dost thou stand,  
Thou art old, but hast a reputation true;  
Better citizens hast thou made for Uncle Sam,  
Clemson College, we do love you!

—SARAH MCFALL, '20.



Book  
Three

Clubs







# CLUBS

Open  
Sesame!



Donnell & Co.



## Virginia Reel Club

---

GLADYS WHITE

LOIS ANDERSON

SARA SANDERS

CATHERINE SULLIVAN

NELLE WHITLOCK

NELLE MARTIN

MAGGIE SHIRLEY

ZULIENE MASTERS

JULIA LEDBETTER

MARTHA OWINGS

BESSIE PRUITT

MARY AIKEN

GODE BURTON

IZETTA PRUITT

EMILY SULLIVAN

BLANCHE DALRYMPLE

MARIE NELSON

# The Sororian



VIRGINIA  
REEL  
CLUB



## Jacob's Ladder Club

---

### OFFICERS

TRYING TO GET THERE . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
GETTING THERE . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
DONE GOT . . . . .	<i>President</i>

MOTTO: One round higher

SONG: "We're Climbing Jacob's Ladder"

- CATHERINE SULLIVAN
- JULIA LEDBETTER
- MAGGIE SHIRLEY
- BRUCIE OWINGS
- NELLE GENTRY
- GOODE BURTON
- MARY BOWIE
- "TOM" BURNETT



# The Sororian



JACOB'S LADDER CLUB



## Sailor Sweethearts

---

SONG: "The Sailor's wife the Sailor's star shall be"

MOTTO: "We're waiting for our Sailors to call our ships, ahoy!"

EMILY SULLIVAN  
MARGUERITE HENRY  
MARIE NELSON  
ANNIE MAE CANADAY  
LOUISE HENRY  
LOU NELLE MCGEE  
JULIA LEDBETTER  
MARGARET PERRIN  
CATHARINE SULLIVAN

# The Sororian



SAILOR SWEETHEARTS

# The Sororian



## Modiste Dancing Club

<i>Monsieurs</i>	<i>Mademoiselles</i>
LEONARDO LEBBETTER <i>with</i> . . . . .	HEPZIBAH HENRY
ORLANDO OWINGS <i>with</i> . . . . .	WINONA WHITE
BEATRICE BURTON . . . . .	"WALL FLOWER"
MALVONIO MCGEE <i>with</i> . . . . .	OPHELIA OWINGS
HEZEKIAH HENRY <i>with</i> . . . . .	NEPTURINA NELSON

MOTTO: "Fort forriin avec le tanz"

PASS WORD: "A la Vogue"





## Faculty Club

### OFFICERS

JAMES MARIE PINKNEY NELSON KINARD . . . . .	<i>President</i>
FRED. HELEN MCBURRIS BURNETT . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
HELEN MELL PORTER WHITLOCKE SMITH . . . . .	<i>Dean</i>
FRED. ZULIENE ARNOLD MASTERS GOODE . . . . .	<i>Director of Music</i>
RITA WEBB HENRY VON HASSELN . . . . .	<i>Violin</i>
SARA NELLE EDNA DARRACOTT STRANATHAN . . . . .	<i>Voice</i>
RUTH CLARA ANDERSON DEVANE . . . . .	<i>Piano</i>
ELLA BLANCHE BULLOCK DALRYMPLE JOHNSON . . . . .	<i>Matron</i>
ALICE EMILY RUBY SULLIVAN BUXTON . . . . .	<i>English</i>
MARY MAGGIE SEYMOUR SHIRLEY ABBOTT . . . . .	<i>French and German</i>
FLORENCE LILA MAY SAWYER MADDOX . . . . .	<i>Mathematics</i>
HELEN NANNIE FAIR SMITH HUNTER . . . . .	<i>Latin</i>
MARY BERTHA CHRISTOPHER HALL DEMAREST . . . . .	<i>Science</i>
KATHLEEN ROSADA VIRGINIA TALBERT LEE . . . . .	<i>Domestic Science</i>
SKIT CATHERINE LOIS SULLIVAN CODY . . . . .	<i>History</i>
OLGA LUCY V. MCPHAIL PRUITT . . . . .	<i>M. D.</i>
MARJORIE FLORIDE CRANE PRUITT GEARY . . . . .	<i>Gymnastics</i>

# The Sororian



FACULTY  
CLUB

# The Sororian



MOTTO: "By their bangs ye shall know them."

## Bang Club

---

MARIE NELSON

ROSADA TALBERT

BESSIE PRUITT

ZULIENE MASTERS

MAGGIE SHIRLEY

NELLE MARTIN

FANNIE SUE McCURRY

LOUISE HENRY

CAROLYN McFALL

MARGUERITE HENRY

# The Sororian

## Sisters Club

---

MOTTO: Fuss and be foes

PASTIME: Fighting

INSIGNIA: Anything handy to hurl

SLOGAN: Charity shall not begin at home

QUESTION: "Who keeps the pocket book?"

PRUITTS—Distant

MCALISTERS—Rowdy

SULLIVANS—Obnoxious

HENRYS—Amiable?

COOKS—Jovial

OWINGS—Pugnacious

ANDERSONS—Argumentative

MC FALLS—Flirtatious

WELBORNES—Defiant



# The Sororian



SISTERS CLUB



## Reptile Police Force

---

MOTTO: "Down with the rats!"

*Chief-of-Rats:* LEDBETTER

*Detectives:*

MASTERS

SANDERS

FRUITT

TALBERT

MARTIN

AIKEN

*Gunmen:*

HENRY

NELSON

WHITLOCKE

BUXTON

MCPHAIL

DEVLIN

# The Sororian



REPTILE  
POLICE  
FORCE

# The Sororian

## Tramps' Alley

---

MOTTO: "To Room or not to Room"

ROOMYS—*"To room"*

BRUCIE  
*and*  
MARTHA

GLADYS  
*and*  
RITA

LOUISE  
*and*  
SKIT

MARIE  
*and*  
JULES

NOT TO ROOM:

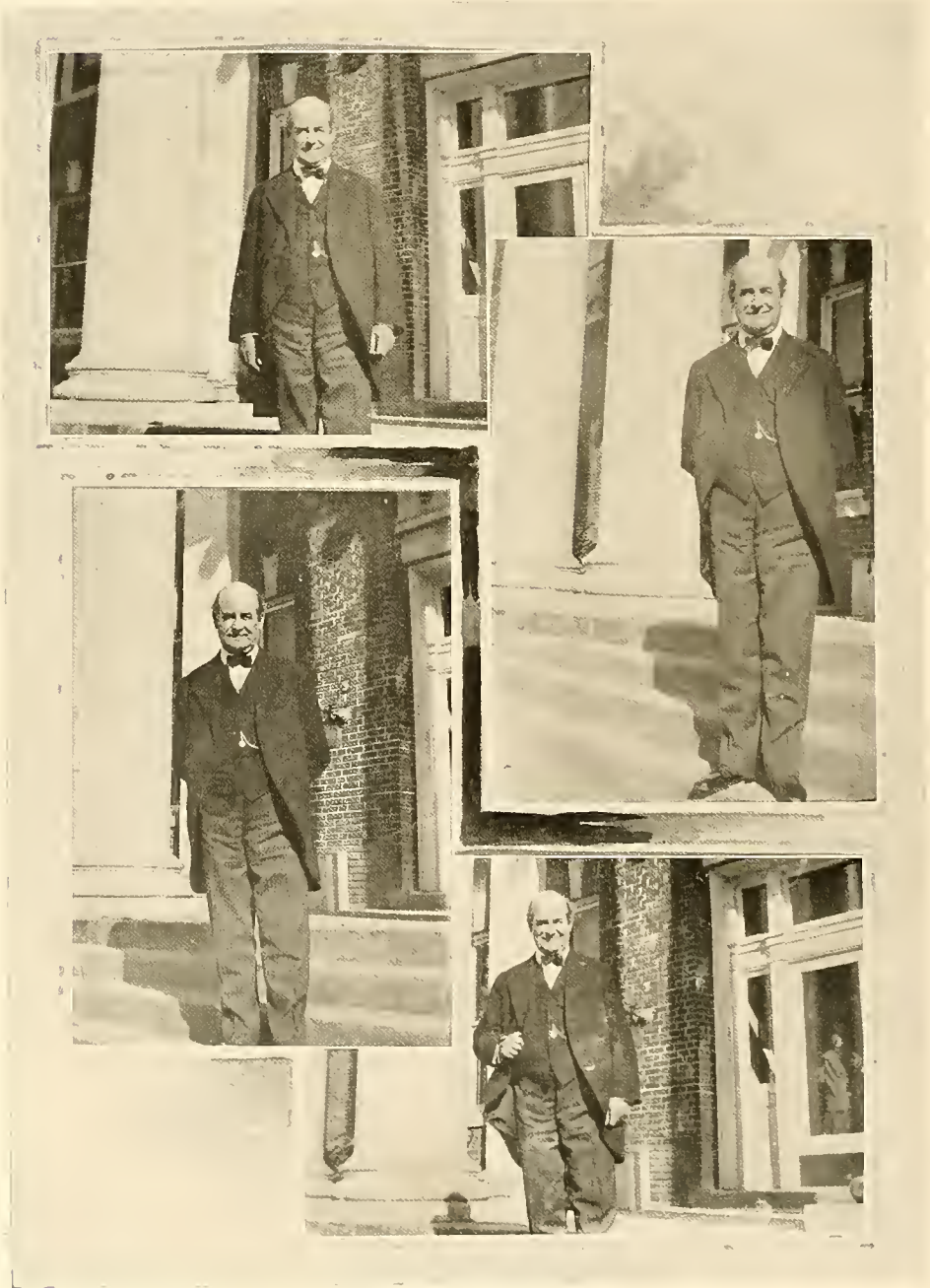
LUCY



# The Sororian



# The Sororian



THE ADORED ONE!!





Book  
Hour

Odds  
and  
Ends

Last but not Least





# The Sororian

## A Concise Revised Dictionary

### A

- ACKER—A Senior—not exactly Skit.  
ANDERSON—The only college; city, and Ruth.  
APPLES—Adam's, Ben Davis, and fruit of the Christmas Tree.  
ANNUAL—The season's wit.  
ATLANTA—The birthplace of our wisdom, '16.

### B

- BALLUSTER (pronounced banister)—Mell's fortification.  
BANGS—A curtailment of woman's crowning glory.  
BISCUIT—A second-hand article much relished about four o'clock in the afternoon and also for breakfast.  
BIENNIAL—Tender chicken, which we never have.  
BOOB—(Left to the imagination of the reader.)  
BREVITY—A characteristic of Lou Nell's replies.  
BORROW—A unique medium of exchange.  
BROKEN—What Rita's heart is.

### C

- CALLERS—A semi-monthly pestilence to Seniors.  
CROWD—Usual attendance? at Thursday teas.  
CONDITION—A critical word.  
CROCHET—A fancy fooling of fine fingers.

### D

- DANIEL—Not found in the lion's den. See Rita.  
DANCE—The college pastime.  
DONALDS—A city with a railway system.  
DEAR—Miss Smith with her cheeks rouged at the tacky party.  
DOWN—Jonah was.  
DUE WEST—A fine place.  
DUNCE—What we all are.  
DIP—Nelle's new dance.  
DAR-R-R-NED—The good time Miss Geary has.

### E

- EVERYBODY—Us.  
ELEGANCE—Potela's Sabbath apparel.  
ENGLISH—Tri-weekly nightmares.  
EXAMINATION—The star that loosed Miss Buxton's wagon.

# The Sororian

## F

- FANCYWORK—The occupation of the idle.  
FOOD—The sustenance of life.  
FICKLE—A term applicable to those Seniors who permit Freshmen to wear their class rings.  
FRIDAY—A March the Tenth of music.

## G

- GRAND—What "Ma" Geary is—(to us).  
GOAT—The Senior table friend "that sticketh closer than a brother."  
GLADNESS—An expression usually accompanied with Huyler's.  
GLUE—The stuff that sticks, and Mary Aiken when a box arrives.  
GREEN—The sign of spring, the emblem of ignorance, the badge of the Irish, the Freshman Class and Miss Stranathan's favorite color.

## H

- HAM—The left hind-leg of a pig.  
HAAA!!—A familiar ejaculation.  
HAPPINESS—The prime ingredient of good looks.  
HOLIDAY—An unknown quantity.

## I

- IT—A proper name (Margaret Perrin).  
IGNORANCE—A thing of bliss possessed by many of the Freshmen.  
INDOLENT—Julia's usual attitude.  
INTENTIONS—The pavement of a future abode.

## J

- JOLLY—An attribute?? of Lila Sawyer.  
JELLY—A donation, *sometimes*, accompanying puffs.  
JUNK—The collection usually found in any room in Tramps Alley, of which the writer envies them.

## K

- KINDNESS—The lubricant used in everyday machinery.  
KRAUT—Stewed fodder.  
KING—A Monarch of Belton.

## L

- LEAP YEAR—Our only chance.  
LOVE—The unknown quantity.  
LUNEY—An appropriate abbreviation.  
LENGTHY—A virtue not attributable to present-day skirts; Julia.

# The Sororian

## M

- MOON—Where the only man lives whom Nelle does not have to stoop to— —? ?  
MILLIONAIRE—A beau who sends candy.  
MONEY—A scarce article.  
MEDDLESOME—The nature of the curious person.  
MILL(FORD)—See Louise.

## N

- NOBODY—The boob that we've never seen.  
NICKEL—Carfare.  
NEWS—Information collected at the Senior table.

## O

- OUTMEAL—A daily indulgence.  
ORATORY—An expression of the reading class.  
OPINION—A freely-expressed thought.  
OWLS—Our three wise birds!!!  
ONIONS—The strength of the college.

## P

- PIGS—Bruce's Sorority.  
PEACE—A condition of affairs when Miss Stranathan and Miss Geary argue.  
PIN—A woman's best friend.  
POTATO—About the best root that grows.  
PUSH—The midday recreation of the girls to make the darn little Ford just ramble right along.

## Q

- QUICK—The March air may be designated as quick.  
QUESTION—A disconcerting interrogation.  
QUARREL—A common occurrence between Blanche ? ? and Fanny Sue ? ?.

## R

- RAIN—Mr. Burnette's Ford hose.  
RODENTIA—The group of small animals that create great disturbances.  
REFEREE—A disputed authority.  
RICE—A daily delight (to Louise).  
RING—A Senior's pride.

## S

- SATISFACTION—The usual state of affairs among the Seniors, especially at meals.  
SMILE—A refined appellation for a grin.  
SOUP—The forerunner of croquettes.  
ST. PATRICK'S DAY—Day of days for Miss Stranathan.  
SUNDAY—Labor Day (for the Editor).  
STRIPES—Consult Gladys.

# The Sororian

## T

TARTS—Ethel's medium of exchange.

TEAM—A group of ball fumlbers who get to travel over the globe (to such places as Greenville and Due West) without paying carfare and get chicken and ice cream dinners in the bargain.

TROUBLE—A conflagration of such tempers as Myra's and Anne's.

TIGHT-WADS—The continuous state of the Anderson boys.

## U

UGLY—What none of us (think we) are.

UNKNOWN—The quantity of Rita's tongue.

## V

VALENTINE—Cupid's opportunity to indulge in slush.

VICTORY—Unknown to the team.

VIOLETS—Nelle's procrastination.

VICTROLA—Our hugest joy.

## W

WEARY—The present condition of this pen.

WINK—An accelerated motion of the eyelids accompanied by a similar motion of the tongue.

WISE—Some answers given by students; the Freshmen's answers might be termed otherwise.

## X

X-CUSE—An explanation.

## Y

YEARS—The waves of time that have rolled by the Faculty uncounted.

YELL—A wee timid (?) expression calculated to inspire the team.

## Z

ZEAL—The wherewith Wilma dances.

ZOOLOGY—A science that deals with bugs, worms and other vicious creatures.

ETC.—What we can't tell you.



## And Such is Fate—



HE was a bachelor! Well, there's no disgrace in that. He was one—well, nobody cared if he was. Yes, somebody did care. Some one cared and cared very (hard)—altho that person would not acknowledge it. That person was himself.

It was a cold, snowy, winter's night. A typical one for freezing out thoughts of love—if there should happen to be any lurking in dangerous or fertile places. He walked briskly from his office. His hands shoved deep into his pockets. He passed an apartment house and being attracted by the conspicuous glow made by the fire, he peeped in. Forgetting the chilling breeze for an instant, he gazed longingly at the bed of bright red coals in the fire-place.

Something suddenly attracted his attention from the fire! What was the matter? His heart almost jumped from its accustomed beating-place—what was there to arouse such internal disorder, and especially with that organ which troubled him least? To be sure, he saw a woman standing in front of a window across the room. She looked very lovely in the filmy garments which were seemingly draped about her. She was beautiful, yes, as far as beauty goes—with women. He stared at her for an instant and moved on.

Upon reaching his own apartment he found that something very peculiar had taken possession of him. What was his trouble? Somehow his brain seemed clouded with a troublesome vision. Why couldn't he read? He would go and call his servant to prepare his bed for him. This he did. Now that he is ready to sleep, he can't. Is he losing his reason? All this he revolves in his mind. With the dawn of morning he hastens to his office and tries to immerse himself in work.

Another day ends. He starts home and decides on a different route. But what's the matter? His feet won't go any way except by that apartment house. He reluctantly risks one interested glance inside when he reaches the house. Again he meets the self-same scene.

Oh! In a moment he diagnoses his case. He is in love! There's no use to fight it! He is in love and can't help it and here is his ideal! The woman! The beauty! Standing there so graceful and dreamy. He must arrange some plan to meet her.

# The Sororian

An idea strikes him. He walks to the door, rings the bell and asks to rent a room.

The lady of the house converses with him for a few minutes and asks him to come in.

She goes towards "the" door. Is she going to invite him in there?

She is! He goes to "the" door and then in. "She" is still there. Still lovely! Still wonderful!

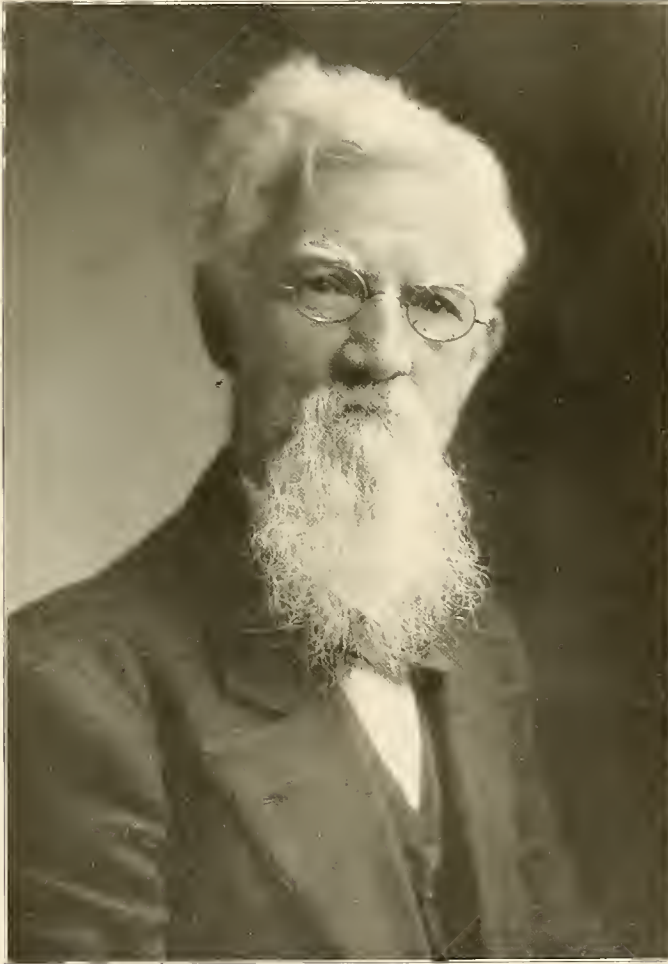
Then the lady of the house snaps on the light.

Oh! Why are the "Fates" so cruel?! He swoons! The lady of the house is a seamstress and "she"—a wax fitting figure.

—*M. Henry*, '16.



The Sororian



MR. WALLACE



## Thanksgiving Dinner Menu

---

GRAPE FRUIT

TURKEY

CRANBERRIES

RICE

OLIVES

GRAVY

POTATOES A LA CREME

POTATO CHIPS

BISCUIT

COFFEE

MACARONI

---

CHICKEN SALAD

MAYONNAISE

CRACKERS

OLIVES

ALMONDS

---

PICKLE

FRIED OYSTERS

CRACKERS

---

ANGEL CAKE

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

COFFEE

CHEESE





# The Mirror



## HORRIBLE SCANDAL TAKES PLACE IN ANDERSON COLLEGE.

### Renowned Baptist Institution Found to be a Hiding Place for Criminals.

ANDERSON COLLEGE, Dec. 21st—Last night at about eleven bells, above the squeaking of rats, the clanking of radiators and howling of cats was the stealthy patter of little feet—made by the kimona gang of Tramps' Alley as they sreakingly tipped to room 203—in the Alley. They silently entered the black draped door one by one, deposited their parcels on the already crammed buffet; mysterious excited bits of conversation could be heard drifting through the air holes and cracks in the door. Had it not been for the fact that the night watchman on the College halls was mother to our journal reporter, this thrilling, startling, hair-lifting, breath-taking bit of gossip would never have reached the press. We will relate the story as she told it: "I had done took my place between the ceiling of the first floor and the floor of the upper story. I had my left lamp carefully deposited in a conveniently gnawed rat-hole looking out on the dimly-lighted hall—my other I used to look around whenever I heard a little unnecessary fuss. Everything seemed to be running in its usual smoothness when 'bout then I seen something swing around the corner of the Alley. No sooner had I let that shadow pass out of my eye than here came another just like it, then another and another and another—they came so fast and thick my head got to swimming, and I couldn't do nothing but just stay there and watch. Well, they went on in that room 203 and first thing my eye hit on when I got a peep through a little bit of rat hole leading in there was people upon people by people back of people in front of people and every way; seemed to me I never saw so many people in one little place. I started to holler, but I was too scared, I ain't much for stirring up trouble when I'm in a good hiding place and see it coming on anyway. The only reason I ever taken that job no way was because they said burglars and the like stayed shy of that College

place. Well, all them spooky looking things put themselves on mattresses; there was about twenty of the mattresses on the floor. Well, they stayed quiet a little while, then the noise begun, I forgot to say that the room was supposed to be not occupied at the time and that's what made one so scared. Well, as I was saying—the fuss begun—and now wasn't it enough to scare the life clean out of my body to hear such echoes as this? I couldn't look and listen at the same time, so I stopped looking and listened. "You all shut up!" "Don't you know if they catch us they'll kill us?" "Please close your trap!" "Move out of my way!" "Your feet are on my head!" "Stop punching me." "You're killing me and I'll holler!" "Here's some feed!" "Let's eat!" "Let's eat now!" "We are not going to eat now!" "What time is it?" "It's time for me to put an end to your squeaking!" "Say, here! My back may feel like leather, but it's no shoe; out with your hoof!" "What time is it?" "Stop picking on me, I ain't no banjo!" "If I can't eat some of this feed I'll chew on this toe here in my ear!" "What time is it?" "It's time you were out of here!" "Somebody hang that clock on that gump's nose!" "She ought to have a ring in it, anyhow!" "What are you hungry for? Hey?" "No oats or rye?" "Who's sticking that dagger in me?" "Oh! Get that elbow out me skeleton!" 'Bout that time I heard such a gnawing! My sakes! Chicken bones cracking, something like marbles went flying around. Chew! chew! chew! Never another sound save a groan or gulp of swallowing. At the lady-like hour of four in the morning all sounds of eating ceased and a terrific atmosphere of snores and moans was created. Feeling that my time had come, I slipped into the hall, got a pencil out of the trash basket outside door 203, wrote out my resignation and left upon question."

## Hints to Students While in the Class Room.

Look wise even tho' you don't know anything. By doing so you may avoid a question.

If you don't know the question asked, answer the one you do know.

If the class does not know the lesson get the teacher to talk on Preparedness.

Keep on parallel lines with the one directly in front of you. By doing so you may chew your gum unnoticed.

Don't suppose that Dr. Kinard is calling the stable boy when he yells, "Hey!" during class.

Don't swipe your neighbor's pencil while she's looking; wait until she turns to swipe *her* neighbor's.

If you don't know the lesson have your room-mate become ill so you may assist her from the room.

If you are afraid of revealing your ignorance on exams., hand in blank papers.

Don't appear too wise in class room, the teacher may discover that you know more than she does.

Don't get up at 6 A. M. to study, just think the teachers may not meet their classes.

## Society and Notoriety

Miss Hare entertained The Peter Rabbit Club last night at a Briar Patch Supper. Welsh rabbit, cabbage leaves, Easter eggs and carrots were served in wild profusion, and a contest to discover the best borrower then ensued, the first prize for which was a dainty "tar-baby;" the booby the privilege to go strolling with Br'er Wolf after midnight. This was followed by a dance and all participated in the Bunny Hug. This was enjoyed until a late hour, when the well-pleased little bunnies scampered away to their holes.

# The Mirror

## Wanted to Know

What became of the seventeen chickens Mrs. Johnson killed for the G. W. C. girls?

Will Spearmint hold its flavor on your eye tooth through the class?

To "rush" or not to "rush," that is the question.

Whether it is wiser in the class to suffer the risk of two questions from your pedagogy, or to endure the pangs of an empty purse, and thereby oppose them?

Why Dr. Kinard announces in chapel the exams for that day?

Why Louise loves Whitman's so?

Why Mr. Goode must have a hymn-book?

When Dr. Kinard is going to take the Ethics class to court?

MISS CODY (In History): "Tell us about the Black Prince, Annie Laurie."

A. L.: "Why, that was a kind of pestilence or plague."

## Daily Motto For Students.

Don't study too hard today; you won't feel like studying tomorrow.

## At The Feast

SKIT: "I will now ask Miss Aiken for a toast—"

MISS AIKEN (Stammeringly): "Oh! Oh! I beg to be resigned."

MISS CODY: "Annie, what was the established church of England?"

ANNIE W.: "The Anglic Church."

RITA TO EM: "Here's 'pansies for thoughts,' dear."

EM: "Huh! I see you've been reading Macbeth."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet member reported to have requested in meeting, "Who will go with me tomorrow to help steal peach blossoms for the Y. W. C. A. Tea Room?"

MARY AIKEN (Reading a poem which has "with apologies to J. W. R." written below it): "Who's J. W. R.?"

RITA: "James Whitecomb Riley, nut."

MARY: "Who's he?"

Rosada was admiring Rita's graduating presents and spying a five-dollar gold piece, exclaimed: "Oh! Rita, what a pretty gold nickel!"

LOU NELLE: "Ruth, I just know you are going to marry some old widower."

RUTH (Who admires the same young man that Lou Nelle does): "Well, that's all right so long as I get your widower."

LOUISE: "Em, I don't believe you love me a single bit."

EMILY: "I don't think you're far wrong, either."

## Seniors

"She opens her mouth with wisdom!"

MISS BUXTON (In Senior English): "Miss McGee, tell us how Hamlet was saved from death on his way to England."

MISS MCGEE: "Well, you see he had the King's seal with him, so he opened his suit case and got the seal and gave it to the pirates."

MISS CODY: "What about James Watt, Nell?"

NELL M.: "Why, that was the steam engine, wasn't it?"

IZETA: "Nell, what Webster wrote the dictionary?"

NELLE D.: "Daniel Webster, you goose."

DR. KINARD: "So many of you misspelled the word reformatory on examination, Miss Anderson, how do you spell it?"

MISS A.: "R-e-f-o-r-m-i or is it c-t-o-r-y?"

## What Would Happen If:

Dr. Kinard failed to take out his watch in class with the ringing of the half-hour bell?

Rita should cease loving Davidson?

Miss Buxton should refrain from "reserving her opinion?"

Miss Stranathan would cease to argue peace and Miss Geary to argue preparedness?

Goode should understand what she's arguing about?

Some one did not play "Crossing the Bar" on the Victrola every Sunday afternoon?

Marie failed to be sarcastic?

Mary Aiken would take a hint?

Gladys should dress simply?

Em would fail to criticize?

Goode should sing softly?

Bruce should cease to rock?

Ruth should join the "Yankees?"

Nelle Darracott should lose her heart?

Vivian Cox delivered an oration?

Some one should kidnap the Goode baby?

Emily and Lois were not reported every week?

Miss Geary excused anyone from Gym?

Jules lost the art of dancing?

The Senior table didn't want onions?

Miss Buxton's table wouldn't try to be cute?

Lena should resign from the Faculty?

Dr. Kinard were ordered to run a race?

RUTH: "I am going down to Mrs. Johnson's to get a C. C. pill."

EM: "What, a Charlie Chaplin?"

ELIZABETH: "Say, LaFayette, what does S. C. C. I. stand for?"

LAFAYETTE: "South Carolina Co-Educational Institute."

ELIZABETH: "For boys?"

Rita and Monk were conversing the other day, when in the midst of their confab Rita greeted a fellow passing by thusly: "Hey!"

MONK: "Hey! This is no barn."

RITA: "Well, what are you doing here, then?"

# The Mirror

## Current Poetry

Mary had a little waist,  
Where nature made it grow,  
And everywhere the rashions went,  
That waist was sure to go.

Now, Louise has an appetite,  
This you can't deny;  
She keeps the Senior table waiting,  
Until they almost die.

But what to me doth seem so strange,  
Is why at dinner she's so nice,  
And in answer to, "What will you  
have?"  
Replies, "If you please, I'll just  
take *Rice*."

The cooing stops with the honey moon,  
But the billing goes on forever.

What makes Miss Geary love England  
so?  
The eager Gym. Class cry;  
Why England produced a Nelson,  
Marie makes reply.

Miss Helen P.  
Sat on alea,  
Looking so fine and spry;  
In her usual scrawl,  
Signed a telephone call,  
And said, "What a good girl am I."

GLADYS: Miss Buxton, what did  
you all have to eat at Mrs. Henry's  
yesterday?

MISS BUXTON: Why, Gladys—  
GLADYS: I wanted to know be-  
cause we are going to have a repu-  
tation.

## The Poets' Corner

We truly hope that none of the fol-  
lowing lyrics, odes, sonnets and bal-  
lads will in any way show the ineffi-  
ciency and inability of any member  
of the Faculty. It is our duty to  
seek and delve for all manuscripts  
and literary works of art that may  
be hidden in the hearts, vest pockets  
or desk drawers of any of our mem-  
bers, and here lie the results of our  
efforts:

Our President was heard chanting  
in school-boy fashion the other day:  
Tobacco is a dirty weed,

I like it,  
It satisfies no normal need,  
I like it,

It makes you thin, it makes you lean,  
It takes the hair right off your bean,  
It's the worst "darn" stuff I've ever  
seen,

I like it.

## WANTED LOST OR FOUND

WANTED—A position as governess  
in a home of about eight children  
for the year '16-'17, beginning Sep-  
tember 1st. Miss Ruth Anderson, An-  
derson, S. C.

WANTED—A position in a reforma-  
tory, as disciplinarian. E. M. Tur-  
beville, Charleston, S. C.

WANTED—A collection of "cute"  
baby pictures to use in a "Baby  
Photo Museum," to be opened early  
in June by Miss Louise Henry.

WANTED—A position as wife in  
some good man's home before June  
10, 1916. H. Burriss.

WANTED—Some kind of position  
where a long-winded person is need-  
ed. I can write or speak things tak-  
ing hours to deliver. C. Sullivan, An-  
derson, S. C.

WANTED—A position as music  
teacher in a good school. This posi-  
tion in a gentleman's school prefera-  
ble. Special training in hand position  
and technique. M. Henry, Anderson,  
S. C.

WANTED—A position as boss and  
dictatorian in an institution of  
high-minded high brows. No position  
will be considered unless a guarantee  
that my opinion shall be predominant.  
N. Gentry, Anderson, S. C.

WANTED—A position as organist,  
singer or sextoness in some church;  
a country church preferable. E.  
Norris.

WANTED—Nelle Darracott wants a  
position in an orphan asylum. She  
insures every child she is in charge of  
to be well trained.

WANTED—Position as matron in a  
girls' school, good fare a specialty.  
Z. Masters.

WANTED—A position in a newspa-  
per office as scandal editor. I  
guarantee a collection of all the scan-  
dal. L. N. McGee.

WANTED—A position as marshal-  
overseer in some institution. I have  
attained a marked degree of excel-  
lence in this line. I. Pruitt.

WANTED—Some one to advise me as  
to getting a position with a big  
salary and no work. N. Martin.

WANTED—A position as athletic di-  
rector at G. W. C. I will not con-  
sider less than four thousand dollars.  
This is poor pay, but I feel the nec-  
essity for the much-needed instruc-  
tor. M. Shirley.

LaFayette refuses to speak to Em  
for three days because she swallowed  
her coat-suit button and refuses to  
give it up.

## BUSINESS NOTICES

FOR SALE—Information on the care  
of pigs. Apply to Brucie Owings.

FOR SALE—Rides at any and all  
hours. Apply to Henry's Rat Sta-  
ble, 204 East Dormitory.

FOR SALE—Several unfinished mem-  
ory books. Apply to any or every-  
body.

LOST, Strayed or Stolen—Miss Bux-  
ton out of Miss Abbott's sight.

FOR SALE—Several ounces of sweet-  
ness. See Blanche Dalrymple.

Example of "congested traffic"—  
Miss Geary and Miss Buxton's prac-  
tices.

FOR RENT—An exuberance of ver-  
bosity. See G. Burton.

FOR RENT—Wide, open, airy rooms  
in upper story. Apply J. R. Led-  
better.

For latest lessons in "Osculation,"  
apply to Burton & Sullivan.

For latest dots on crushing, see M.  
Shirley and I. Pruitt.

UNCLAIMED MAIL—A letter ad-  
dressed to "Angel," Anderson Col-  
lege. Anyone thinking she is law-  
fully entitled to it may claim it at  
the office.

LOUISE (endeavoring to explain a  
very difficult question to Skit:) "Now,  
Skit, just imagine your mind to be a  
court-room."

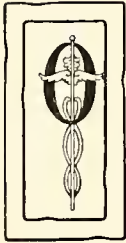
SKIT: "Yes, the court having ad-  
journed."

Example of Solomon and all his  
glory, the College Maid on Sunday  
A. M.

No, Rita has decided not to be a  
doctor, for you see kleptomaniac does  
not run in her family and she could  
never think of taking any one's pulse.



## “Made in America”



ONE day, while preparing a meal, an Indian squaw found that the salt was nearly out. She obviously could not say, “John, you had better go by the store on your way to work, and have some salt sent up,” as the modern housewife does—or shall I say “modern?” For in these days of efficiency, the esteemed lady will not trust a telephone even, much less a husband, to order necessaries; she must go marketing herself. But the squaw had not these privileges. She could not ask her husband to get the salt: she had never dreamed of efficiency; and if you had been able to speak to her over a telephone, she would have died of fright. She merely waited till the meal was over, then drew a pile of swamp-cane toward her and began to fashion something. So deftly and skilfully did she manage the slender strips that before the middle of the afternoon she held in her hands a small basket. Without delay she took the wooden salt-cup and the basket and started for the house of a thrifty young farmer three miles distant, trudging up the road in the hot sun with a papoose strapped to her back.

At the kind though silent invitation of the sweet-faced woman who opened the door, the squaw entered a large well-kept kitchen: by signs she indicated her wish to exchange the basket for salt. Her white sister readily gave her the salt, and set the representative of Indian workmanship on the high mantel above the broad, open hearth: while the red woman returned to camp.

This little basket I am telling you of was not a pretty piece for ornamental purposes, but just plain and brown and made for service. And service it has certainly seen! For it was in 1815 that my great-grandmother paid salt for it to the woman of the small Indian reservation down on the Saluda River. One hundred years ago, mind you; and it is still in use. “If it could only speak,” you say—but alas, it cannot, and the only way for you to become acquainted with a bit of its history is to listen while I tell you of a few things that little basket has seen.

Before long it was put into the arms of a small, chubby girl, and her mother said, “Annie, go out to the lot and gather the eggs for mother. Be careful, and don’t break any.” Then it became known as Annie’s basket, and the task—to her a joy—of getting the eggs, was always hers. Good fresh hens’ eggs they were, too—nowadays they are mostly farmers’ eggs.



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Naturally, Annie grew up—and what a fine, lovely, capable woman she was! Finally a party of three—Annie, the basket, and a certain young man—searched the hay-loft; and it was over a goodly basketful of the staff of life for people who do light house-keeping that she promised to become his wife.

The little Indian basket now saw a happy, healthy little family grow up around Thomas and Annie, and it was handled lovingly by them all—from the strong, oldest son, Henry, to the newest baby. How it rejoiced in their happiness and prosperity, in seeing many acres added to the little farm and successfully tilled by Thomas and the boys, in knowing that Annie's heart sang and almost burst with joy!

But how soon all this ceased—how soon the father and son must leave Annie to take care of herself and the children with the help of faithful old Aunt Clary, and go to the battle-field! After that the basket saw many hardships bravely borne and made the best of by the mother; it saw her teach the children and keep them fed and clothed by her industry and ingenuity, delighting them at Christmas by giving them small things for which she had planned thru many a long, sleepless night—things which the wise little Montessori-reared child would scorn; it was the trusted receptacle of many a precious piece of eandy, or a few nuts and apples grown on the place.

This was not all. One time I think the little basket must remember especially. It was during the latter part of the war when straggling bodies of Union soldiers rode thru the country, picking up everything of value and burning nearly everything else. So far the home owned by Thomas and Annie had escaped hurt—for it was hidden in a small, thick group of trees and not easily seen from the road. But one day a scouting Yankee discovered it and with his comrades forced an entrance. They ignored Annie, pale, but unafraid, and the children who clung to her with that world-old feeling that if mother is near, danger is far. The "bluecoats" rudely tore thru the house, pulling out bureau drawers, scattering the contents on the floor, taking possession of valuables.

Annie, with difficulty, restrained herself when she saw one Yankee pocket her husband's beloved gold watch—a rare thing in those days. Just then she turned to see a tall, well-built young man, evidently an officer, enter the room. She almost unconsciously caught her breath and turned paler; then she spoke:

"I cannot help telling you how much you look like my only brother. It startled me to see his likeness in a suit of blue."

A shamed expression came upon the young man's face, and with utmost courtesy he removed his hat and said, "Madame, I cannot say how sorry I am that these men have acted as they have."

With that he ordered them sternly out-of-doors, and was about to follow, but suddenly turned at the door and spoke again.

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"I have no right to ask it, and I beg your pardon if I do wrong. Will you shake hands with me? You make me think of my sister, who died since I saw her last."

Annie instantly placed her hand in his and said gently, "God bless you."

Not long after, the remainder of the gallant Southern army went home. Thomas had been miraculously saved to his wife, but Henry had been wounded eleven times and had not completely recovered; so it came about that another burden fell upon Annie—careful nursing and watching—tho' to her it was no burden, but loving service.

And now the Reconstruction was upon the South, that dreadful, horrible time when it was hopelessly, despairingly hard to keep body and soul together, and when the exhausted Southern people were subjected to the rule of troops—negro troops!

One bright summer morning it was, that our little basket beheld the oldest daughter, slender, dark-eyed Anne, arrayed becomingly in a dress of calico, ride off to church on horseback with a youth whose flaming red hair and moustache proclaimed temper and plenty of it, but whose thin-lipped mouth and firm chin gave evidence that that temper was held firmly in check. What happened later the little basket heard recounted on Anne's return. The ride had been quiet enough; they dismounted, hitched their horses in woods at the side of the little building, and after exchanging greetings with several boys and girls of the neighborhood, went inside.

They had been listening for perhaps half an hour to the sermon; everything was perfectly still as the old white-haired preacher droned out his words almost in accompaniment to two flies, which buzzed loudly and persistently at each other at one of the windows. Suddenly there came a sound—one the little community had learned to know—the clatter of horses' feet far up the road. It meant but one thing: the "Yankees." People leaped up and rushed about confused and frightened—all but the young man, who quickly gave Anne into a neighbor's care and just as the bluecoats were entering the back door and surrounding the place, swung himself out of a side window.

He mingled with the crowd and was unmolested by the soldiers, who seemed to be looking for one man. They had been informed that he was there at church, and had come intent upon capturing him, for the Federal government had offered a huge sum of money for his head. This man was Mause Jolly, who had several times cornered the negro troops on their way to mischief, and had taken an active, very daring part in defending his country from the villainous "scal-awags" and "carpet-baggers," who used the negroes as tools. Strange to say, they seemed to be having a rather hard time finding the man.

In the meantime, Anne's young escort walked up to his horse, lazily un-

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hitched and mounted it, then turned slowly and leisurely into the road. Once there, however, he changed suddenly; he wheeled his horse and set off in a gallop, at the same time giving with all the strength of his deep voice the stirring rebel yell. The Yankees turned about in astonishment, realizing with dismay that the "mere boy" they had passed by in their search was *Manse Jolly*. They tried to catch him but in vain. He seemed to have vanished into extremely thin air.

Time passed; conditions grew slowly better and quieter; people settled down to work and tried to get back a little of what they had lost. Manse Jolly decided to leave his State and go West. And it happened to be the luck of the little basket to see this man who had helped his people thru many dangers without thinking of the danger he would bring upon himself—to see him, I say, the last time he was ever seen in these parts.

His last night in South Carolina was spent at Annie's home. And it was Anne who got up long before day to cook his breakfast, for Annie's rich brown hair was plentifully streaked with white and she was very frail, and was obliged to turn the affairs of the household over to Anne, who was a credit to her mother's teaching and an excellent housekeeper.

I think Annie must have shed a few secret tears before she told him good-bye, for this fearless "redhead" appealed to her somehow! One of her great griefs was that he was not a Christian, and when he left that cold gray morning, she kissed him and gave him a small Bible, whispering, "God bless and keep you, Manse."

And he took her hand in his and said slowly, "You make me think of my mother, and I thank you for it. I will do my best. Goodbye." He was never heard of afterwards.

The next June a very happy day came to the little basket. It was filled with flowers and brought into the parlor, where it witnessed Anne's marriage to a young Irishman from Ulster. One of Annie's greatest pleasures for many months after was visiting them in their cozy little home. She lived to see and love her first grandchild, a little apple-cheeked roly-poly boy who was two years old when his mother came into possession of the Indian basket.

Since then it has had varied adventures—has even picked orange-blossoms in Florida—until now it stands on my desk holding the letters from my friends. It is just the same plain, brown little basket it was when the Indian woman made it; but to me it has a priceless beauty, to me it seems almost a person. When I hold it in my hands and let my eyes rest dreamily upon it, I become the recipient of precious bits of knowledge, I come in contact with the personality of Annie—in short, it gives me a message; for in spite of the fact that it has seen younger days, it lives in the present, never complains, and is always ready and eager to be of service.

—*M. R.*, '17.



## Historical Events to be Remembered

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- I. Woodrow Wilson, after losing battles against the Vandals and Goths, died in 1492.
- II. Abraham Lincoln and Alexander the Great fought a duel on February 29, 1910.
- III. Julius Caesar set sail across the Panama Canal in 1812.
- IV. In 1563 Cole L. Blease uttered the famous speech, "Give me liberty or give me death."
- V. Carnegie and Charlemagne joined forces in the famous battle of Marathon against the Deutsch.
- VI. Richelieu recently crossed the Rubicon on his way to the California Exposition.
- VII. Drs. Nero, Get-rich-quick-Wallingford and George Washington united in the attempt to restore Balboa when he drowned in the Pacific on his way to the Woman's Suffrage Convention, which was held in Seneca, S. C., April 40, 1916.
- VIII. Joan of Arc, of world fame, and Geraldine Farrar, gave a joint recital in Anderson College Auditorium on July 4, 1776.
- IX. Professors Ruth Anderson and Aristotle drew plans for the Renaissance in 1861.
- X. Henry Ford took Socrates out for a spin up to Mars to lecture on the Peace Movement.
- XI. Napoleon Bonaparte, dear old sot,  
Drowned himself in a chocolate pot.  
When he saw the Germans firing shot,  
And now the dear old soul is not.
- XII. Dante perfected the Edison Victrola in 525 B. C.
- XIII. In 1517 Billy Sunday discovered America.



# The Sororian

## A Toast



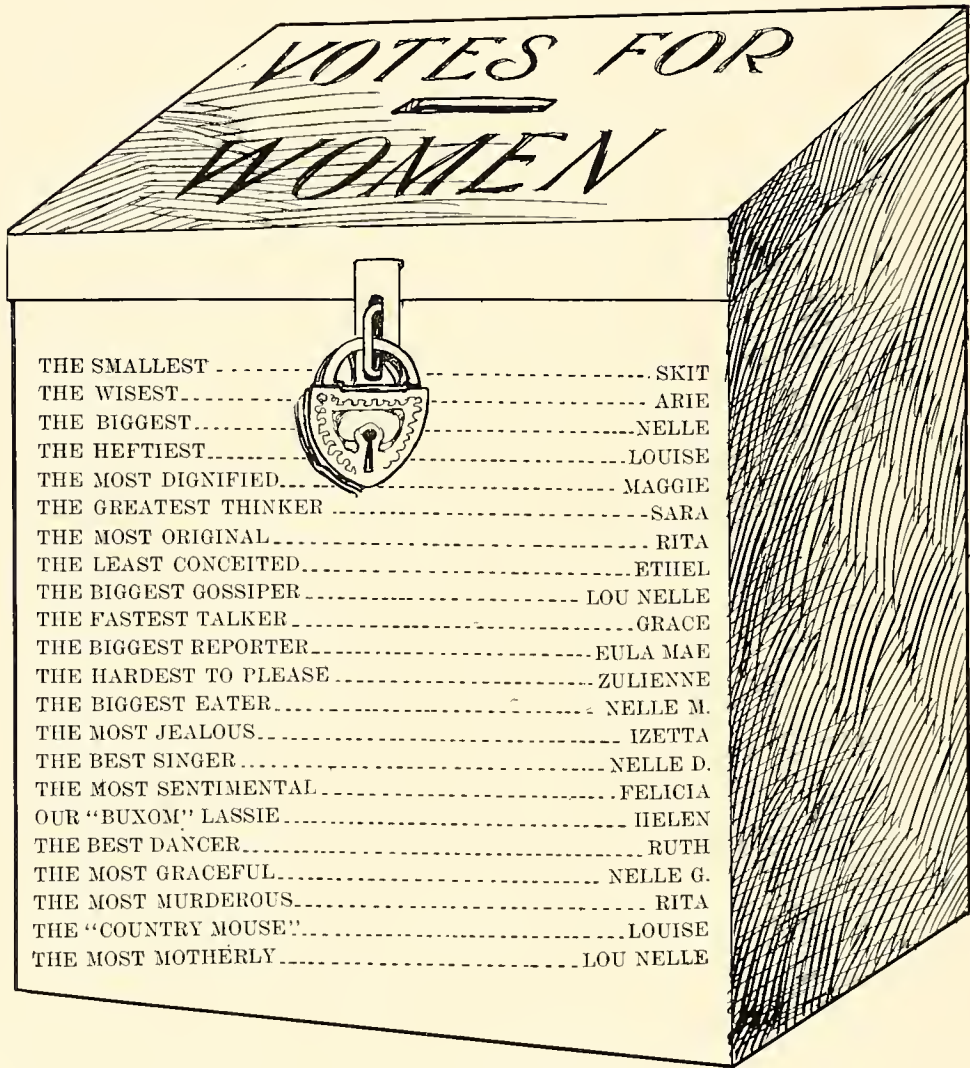
“SARA BETH”

Our household's got two babies,  
Little bits o' things,  
Think I 'most could put them  
Thru my Senior ring;  
Aren't they awfully lovely?  
Aren't they awfully pink?

Just come down from heaven?  
That's the truth, I think.  
Tell you how much I love them?  
I wouldn't even try.  
For my vain attempts at it  
Would make those babies cry.  
So, since I'm not a poet,  
My efforts would fill you with mirth—  
Here's to those darling babies,  
The sweetest things on earth.  
—L. HENRY, '16.



“FRED, JR.”



# The Sororian

## Family Riddles

- Noah's injunction to his wife? . . . . . TRAIN HAM (TRAYNHAM)
- A remarkable man and a brass burton? . . . . . GOOD(E)
- The name of a good candy? . . . . . NORRIS
- A dominant person? . . . . . MASTERS
- A Bird? . . . . . MARTIN
- A peaceful Ford? . . . . . HENRY
- A kitchen indispensibility? . . . . . COOK
- The feminine of He'ly? . . . . . SHEALY
- Of a noble family? . . . . . GENTRY
- A king's son? . . . . . PRINCE
- Handy with a gun? . . . . . HUNTER
- Manager of a monastery? . . . . . ABBOTT
- Without Me she would fail? . . . . . MCPHAIL
- Of good birth? . . . . . WEL(L)BORN(E)
- A monarch? . . . . . KING
- Teasing? . . . . . DEVLIN
- Without "y" she'd be a fish? . . . . . CODY
- A famous general? . . . . . LEE
- Always in debt? . . . . . OWINGS
- A summer color? . . . . . WHITE
- An obstinate stone? . . . . . BUXTON (BUCKSTONE)
- Part of a house? . . . . . HALL
- One interested in horses? . . . . . SMITH
- A famous sauce? . . . . . PERRIN
- A fiery order? . . . . . BURN IT (BURNETT)
- A piece of hair? . . . . . WHITLOCK
- A body of water? . . . . . LAKE
- The cry of the sot? . . . . . BUY RUM (BYRUM)
- A dark spot in the faculty? . . . . . BLACK

# The Sororian

We Deeply Mourn the Death of  
Our Pipe Organ  
Which Died in its Infancy  
Sept. 18, 1913.



## “The Order of the King”



THE light broke in splendor o'er the valley. The mountains caught its glorious hues and glistened beneath its shining colors. The tree-tops spread their leaves in greeting and reflected its brightness, while the birds, arising from their downy nests, carolled forth their joy of life. The great Lord Sun rose slowly above the hills, viewed his work with pleasure, and smiled a blessing on all the earth. It was morning!

Along the dusty roadside two travelers were making their way. By their soiled garments, their lagging steps, one would not need to be told that many hours must have passed since they had known sleep or rest. By the uniforms they wore, they were easily distinguished as defenders of their country, as soldiers of the King.

“The dawn greets us,” said the younger soldier, turning sadly to his companion. “Morning with its glory, its gladness, its beauty, which should be to all a new strengthening of love and life—yet which signifies for us only the beginning of another day of sorrow, gloom and death; the bugle which calls us not to joy and hope, but which bids us arise to the light of sorrow and despair. War! My God! What a way to settle a question. War! What a living death it is.”

“Think of it not in that manner, my friend,” returned the older man. “Think, rather, that you are supporting a great cause, defending a great nation, protecting a great people, obeying a great man. 'Tis the order of the King.”

“Ay, that's it,” broke in the younger man defiantly. “The order of the King! The will of one powerful man bids a nation settle his petty disputes by forfeiting their hearts and lives. ‘The order of the King!’ And what about the order of that greater King of Kings, who commanded, ‘Peace on earth, good will toward men’?”

“Ah, 'twas very true my friend, very true. But there is ever a time for all things, ‘a time for war and a time for peace,’ and this is a time—but let it pass. We must be about our journey. We are ordered to have this message to General Bohu before three days' sun shall set, and we must not fail our trust.”

# The Sororian

“And if we fail to deliver the message, what then?”

“Then? Why death might be considered a lucky escape for you. It is good you know the way so well, for I am completely unacquainted with these parts. So watch you well, these lands are dangerous and one false step might lead us into one of the deserts which are not few in these regions.”

“Right you are. I have been caught in them myself. But never you fear. Tho it has been some time since I travelled these roads, I do not think my memory will fail me,” returned the younger soldier confidently.

“Very well, my young guide, but do not become too self-assured. ‘The best laid plans,’ you know.”

So they continued their journey, passing through the more pleasant, shady places into that hot and arid land, which borders on the desert. The sun, nearing its zenith, shone hotly down upon them.

In silence they made their way, the older man with his head up, walking as though he imagined himself in line with his troops. The younger, however, rather slouched behind, the still sad and gloomy expression on his boyish face. Firm friends they had grown, these two, since the breaking out of that most terrible of wars, in spite of the fact that they held to such different views of life. The former was of the older type, who held his king as he held his life, and who had won not a few recognitions and distinctions from him in military pursuits—whose one motto and highest ideal was “to die for the King.” With the boy it was different. Young and impetuous youth that he was, he held firmly to his belief that to “live for his country was greater than to die for the King.” Hardly had life opened for him in that country of freedom of the West, where he had gone to seek life in its fullest meaning, than he was ordered home to “fight for the King.” To perform that duty against which he had all his life stood, that he must go against those principles which he had so long upheld, this was too much for the boy. Yet in vain had he resisted. It was that or death. “But death,” he would say, “is preferable to living such a life. To see before me every day such sorrow, gloom and despair, and to know that I am an agent in bringing such desolation to pass. Ay, rather death any day to such a life as this.” But he had gone, fallen in line with all the others, to fight and die by the order of the King.

Only for a few moments did the travelers stop to partake of the limited amount of food they had with them.

“We must hasten,” said the older soldier. “So hot and dry has it become that I have completely drunk my supply of water and still am thirsty. You, I see, have not too great an amount, which you had better save, as it seems we are not liable to run across any spring or rivulet soon.”

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“So it seems.” replied the boy, “this country is devoid of water for many miles apart. How my throat stings. I could soon make away with this, but as you say I had better save it until we need it more,” and with a longing look he thrust his canteen from him.

“By the way,” broke in the younger soldier, after they had resumed their journey. “And what is this order that makes it so necessary to be delivered to General Bohn before three evening’s sun-down?”

“It concerns the little country of Rütlin, I believe. Very stubbornly they have resisted the King. He is out of patience with them and (drawing an envelope out of his pocket) now orders Bohn to give them what they rightly and justly deserve.”

But the boy was not listening. Had not the older soldier been so engrossed in his own thoughts he would have wondered at the expression on his companion’s face. “Rütlin?” Had he heard aright? Rütlin! The old gentleman was saying something, but he neither heard nor saw. He was wrapt in strange dreams. No longer did he seem to be traveling those desert lands. Instead he seemed to have been transplanted to another clime, once more he fancied himself dwelling in that country where he had spent the few happiest months of his life. He saw once more those good and simple folk, who asked nothing save to be left alone to liberty and freedom. He felt himself enjoying life again with those whom he had pronounced “the most God-fearing people” he’d ever known—to whom he had avowed to some day prove his love and friendship. And that was Rütlin. Rütlin to be destroyed! And he, their friend and admirer, to be the bearer of the command of their destruction! It could not be! Suddenly his eyes lighted.

“Suppose,” said he in a tense voice, “the order should fail to reach General Bohn? What then should he do?”

“Unless the General receives this order affixed with the seal of the King, before three days’ sun-down, he will move his troops south to join those of Douvner. Rütlin at present is unsuspecting of an attack upon them, and so defenseless they would immediately be obliged to surrender. So you see it is all-important that the General receive this order at once ere the impudent country has time to call other countries to her aid or to prepare herself.”

Yes, this was the life he must live. The life that held for him only the destruction and annihilation of the innocent and peace-loving. Such was Ruttin. And he carried the order of their destiny. Ay! this was proof of his love indeed.

Yet, “unless the order be delivered in three days,” the General had said, “’twill be too late.” Madly the thoughts rushed to his brain. He was the

# The Sororian

guide of the journey. Only by his direction might the message reach the General in time. Then could not he delay the journey? The destiny of the little Rütlin lay in his hands. How would he direct it? Gradually his mind became calmer and he sanely viewed the situation. There was only one solution, the desert! Skillfully he might lead their footsteps in the wrong direction, get them lost upon the desert, and thus keep from the General the horrible message. Thus and only thus he might prove his love and keep his faith with Rütlin, only thus might he live up to the standards on which he had professed to believe, and upheld all his life. But herein lay the great risk. Lost upon the desert, without food or drink, most likely death would result. But what of it? Had he not said that death was preferable, by far, to such a life of living death? And what were one or two lives in comparison with the hundreds which would be lost as a result of his journey. Suddenly he straightened his shoulders. No longer did his foot-steps lag. His face was no longer that of the quick and rash youth. The set look about his mouth bespoke the fact that manhood had dawned.

They came to the turn in the road. Two paths lay before them. Swiftly the boy turned to the left.

"Are you sure, my friend," said the older soldier, "you choose the right path?"

"Quite sure," he answered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lost on the desert! Only those who have experienced it can rightly grasp, can fully comprehend, the grave horror and danger of it. The vast stretches of burning sand, the mighty sun beating fiercely down upon it made it the dread and fear of all who might find themselves lost thereon.

Night had fallen. The two soldiers had dropped exhausted upon the sands for a few moments' rest. They had realized the full horror and power of that great monster, the desert. The older man lay sleeping quietly, completely exhausted after a day and night of ceaseless wandering over the desert. But not so the boy. Stretched upon the sands he lay with wide open eyes staring up into the stars above. With parched lips and burning eyes he lay thinking over what he had done, into what he had led both himself and his companion. Of himself he little thought, for him it mattered not. He had completely realized that before, had gladly offered his life that he might save a defenseless, helpless people. But as he noted his sleeping comrade fully it dawned upon him how selfish he had been. And such a good comrade he had been, too! Only at first had he been slightly annoyed and provoked toward his young guide upon discovering that they were lost, and soon he forgave



# The Sororian

him for his misdirection, saying to himself that after all he was but a youth and not to blame. Yes, he had brought his friend into this, and he must get him out. He lifted his canteen. Only a little water remained. Not nearly enough for one person, much less two. Yes, he would see to it that his friend was saved. But what about the King's order? By tomorrow evening's sundown it should reach the General. By tomorrow evening's sundown, if they still remained on the desert, neither would be alive to resume their journey. He must save his companion and still he could not allow that command to reach the General. Yet, if they were to escape the death of the desert they must at once be about their journey. But the water! It would suffice only one person.

Again he glanced at the sleeping soldier. Yes, he would save his friend, but the order—never should it reach the General. Softly and stealthily he moved to the sleeping man's side. More quietly and skillfully he slipped his hand into the sleeping man's pocket.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Awaken, my friend, you must be about your journey. If you would have that General of yours receive that command, you'd better be up and away."

It was the young soldier who spoke. His companion quickly opened his eyes and stared dazedly about.

"Yes, yes, the command, it must reach him by sundown tomorrow, yes—But water—I must have water, my friend."

"No," returned the younger man. "There remains but a small portion—you must wait until you need it more."

The older soldier arose and straightened himself up, walked about a few paces, then started to go.

"Well," he returned. "Come, then."

The boy went to him.

"Listen, comrade; I am not to accompany you any farther. The message you bear I cannot conscientiously deliver. Besides I am too weak and exhausted. My foot, which I injured soon after starting, has become worse, and I can no longer travel upon it. Here is my canteen. Be careful and it will last you perhaps through the desert."

The older soldier, however, would hear to no such plan. But the boy was even more obstinate. His mind was settled and he would not change it.

"My friend," he said to the older soldier. "You seem to have forgotten your duty, your duty to your King. He has commanded that you deliver this order, and would you dare disobey your Lord and King? You know my views:

# The Sororian

my heart, you know, is not in this struggle. My mind is made. I stay, but do not worry about me. Perhaps some good power will save me from the desert's grasp.

"If not, I am satisfied. For know you I had a thousand times rather meet such a fate than be the bearer of such a command."

Long and strongly he argued. Finally the older soldier, seeing the boy was determined, submitted to his plan. "But the water," he said, "I will not take it."

"Then I shall pour it upon the sands before your eyes and both will lose it."

And so the soldier took it.

Their parting was sad, as is always the parting of two strong men.

"Fare you well, my comrade," said the older soldier. "If, as I pray most earnestly, you shall be rescued from a death upon the desert, the world shall hear of your deed, and I shall see to it that the King rewards you."

"Good-bye, my friend. Please God that we shall meet again, and may my King bless you."

And so they parted in the morning's dawn, and the boy stood watching the figure as it faded in the distance. Then he turned his eyes heavenward, a curious smile upon his lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was slowly sinking. From the distant West the beautiful rainbow of colors sent forth their dazzling rays.

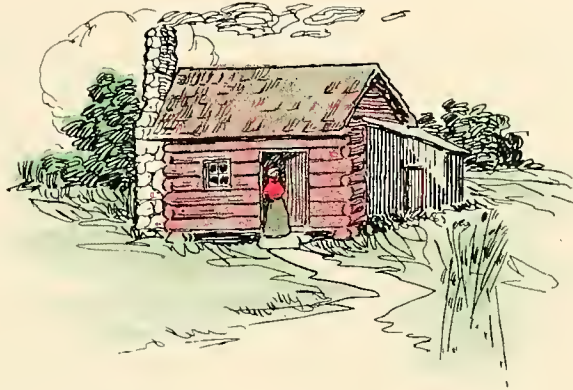
Somewhere a strict and exacting old General stared angrily and bewilderingly from a tired and dusty soldier to an empty envelope; cursed mildly over a certain "order of the King," and immediately ordered his troops south.

\* \* \* \* \*

Somewhere upon a wide and open desert a solitary figure lay. So quiet and still did it lie, that one would have scarcely perceived that any breath issued from those motionless lips. Soon, however, the figure stirred. Slowly he raised himself. Reaching in his pocket he drew out a folded paper and opening it smiled exultantly over a certain royal seal. Then striking a match to it smilingly watched the flames as they issued from it. The "order of my King," he gasped, and sank back upon the sands.

The sun glimmered faintly in the western skies. Slowly it sank until it passed with its wondrous lights and hues beyond the horizon. Softly and mysteriously night drew her darkened curtains about the earth, and the sentinel stars kept watch over their dead.

—C. S., '16.



## My Ole Mammy

There's a little old log cabin  
In the wood,  
Where lived an old, old woman,  
Who was good  
As the very finest gold  
That the alchemist can mold.  
How I loved her; she's my Mammy,  
Dear old soul!

She's my dear black Mammy.  
I can see her now  
As she mopped the perspiration  
From her brow,  
Which was caused from chasing me  
When I slipped from off her knee,  
And went running from her,  
In my childish glee.

Every night she used to take me  
In her lap,  
And together we would always  
Take a nap,  
And before she tucked me in,  
I'd beg her to rock and sing,  
Some old croony song,  
'Til I fell slumbering—

“Dar now, honey! Don't you cry,  
Mammy's chile!  
Gwine be playing wid dem angels  
Arteh while;  
'Bye my baby, don't you heah,  
Mammy singing in yo' eah?  
She gwine stay right by you heah  
All de while!”

—M. HENRY, '16.

# The Sororian



“The darkest spot in the faculty,  
But the brightest in our lives.”



# The Sororian

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---

“The Trap” . . . . .	What Tramp’s Alley is looking for
“Life” . . . . .	One d— thing after another
“On Trial” . . . . .	Julia; for noise
“Experience” . . . . .	What the Freshmen need
“It Pays to Advertise” . . . . .	In the Annual
“Song of Songs” . . . . .	Home, Sweet Home
“The Law of the Land” . . . . .	Student Government
“Daddy Long Legs” . . . . .	Dr. Kinard
“A Pair of Silk Stockings” . . . . .	See Gladys White’s
“The Only Girl” . . . . .	Sarah Beth
“Sinners” . . . . .	All of us
“Tonight’s the Night” . . . . .	To cut bangs
“Maid (Made) in America” . . . . .	Anderson College
“Little Minister” . . . . .	Mr. Dodge
“Stop! Look! Listen!” . . . . .	Tramp’s Alley
“Common Clay” . . . . .	Basket Ball Court

## Two Sides of the Question



THE dear little bundle of humanity, enveloped in a soft baby-blue blanket, was sleeping peacefully in its proud young aunt's arms. The new auntie was only fifteen, but that made not the slightest difference, for what she lacked in age was fully replaced by a large amount of self-confidence and dignity.

"Oh, she's still asleep, Mary," exclaimed Miss Fifteen-year-old eagerly to the baby's mother. "I suspect I had better rock her a little, though, for fear she'll wake up. She's been asleep quite a while now, you know. Isn't she the preciousest thing? What are you smiling about, you little pink and white darling? Oh, Mary, do look how adorable her mouth is when she smiles. I really believe that is her most beautiful feature, although her eyes and nose are simply perfect. Yes, it was dreaming of the angels, wasn't it? Sh-sh-sh!" She hastily began to rock back and forth as the baby tried to wriggle around a little and the tiny eye-lids fluttered ever so slightly.

"Oh, you don't suppose I talked too loud, do you, Mary?" she inquired anxiously as the eye-lids opened wider and two big blue eyes stared out angrily. "I hope I didn't, because I'm afraid you won't let me hold her next time. But you can't help it, I'll just come in and hold her when you are not looking. I positively refuse not being allowed to hold my own little niece."

By this time the baby was giving vent to the most violent shrieks, in spite of its young aunt's heroic efforts to quiet it.

"Please don't take her yet, Mary," begged the undaunted auntie. "I think I can make her stop in just a minute, although I believe she is a little obstreperous today. Now, Mary, don't look at me like that. I know exactly what that word means, and I don't see why you always look so amused whenever I use a word of more than one syllable. It is really discouraging to one's ambitious impulses. Well, perhaps I had better give her to you. Why is it babies always love their mothers so much better than anyone else? Good-bye, sweetheart," she murmured and imprinted a kiss on the angry florid little face. "I'm coming back and you must behave better next time."

\* \* \* \* \*

I was sleeping peacefully; everything was so warm and soft and "comfy." I was enjoying the sweet dreamless sleep of utter unconsciousness of everything about me. I was completely worn out, for I had just gone through with

# The Sororian

that fearful ducking, which I am subjected to every day. No matter how spotlessly clean I am I have to be bathed and bathed. I do my best to discourage the baths, but to no avail. I even act ugly to my darling mother, whom I love so very dearly, but she is the most obstinate one, and I am beginning to think I will have to resign myself to my fate. I had just gone through with the bathing and bathing, during which process I had done my level best to assert my just rights, and at last becoming so fatigued had cried myself to sleep, while my own mother-love sang to me in a soft low voice.

Can you imagine my fury when I was aroused from these sweet slumbers, on account of the fearfully uncomfortable position I was in? My head was hiked up as though I were about to entertain a crowd of people, my entire body was twisted, and the blankets were all in confusion. I thought all this out before opening my eyes, but in spite of the discomfort I couldn't help smiling a smile of pure joy, because I was still in mother-love's arms, and hadn't yet been laid into that lonesome and hateful crib. But what was all that talking? It wasn't especially soft, nor especially sweet. My heart bounded excitingly. I began to think perhaps, after all, I was not in mother-love's arms. If I were, just one flutter of the eye-lid would be enough for mother, my entire position would immediately be changed to one of comfort and I might continue my much-wanted sleep. Delicately I fluttered one eye-lid. Instantly there began a loud sh-sh-sh, I was rocked back and forth violently, and my body was more uncomfortable than ever. Furious, I opened my eyes. I was not in mother-love's arms, and oh, horror of horrors, that detestable child was holding me. I might have known it. She persists in picking me up at all times and especially when I'm asleep, and can't make any objections. It's a mystery to me why mother-love allows her to do it. She also continually talks to me in the most nonsensical manner and puts all the emphasis on the important fact that she is my auntie. Even if she were my grandmother, she shall not torment me by making me lose all my precious sleep. I looked imploringly at mother-love, and her face was one of sorrowful reproach. I was awfully sorry to make her sad, but it was kind of like the bathing—I must stand up for my infant rights and dignity. I began my attack, which was always successful with that child, although it sometimes took a very long time, one piercing shriek after another, which I increased as she bounced me up and down. I was almost the angriest I have ever been, but at last came the farewell kiss, which although it was more distasteful than all the rest, I welcomed gladly as the herald of her departure.

I was at last in mother-love's arms again, and nestling my head on her soft shoulder, I sobbed sorrowfully, yet contentedly once, twice, but the third was only a small sigh of joy as I passed again into the Land of Nod.

—EMILY SULLIVAN. '19.



ANDERSON COLLEGE  
*Faculty Concert*

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1916

PROGRAM

- Mozart* . . . . . Minuet and Trio in D Major  
*Massenet* . . . . . Meditation (Thais)  
 MR. VON HASSELN  
*Liszt* . . . . . Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8  
 MISS DE VANE  
*Wagner* . . . . . (Lohengrin) Elsa's Dream  
 MISS STRANATHAN  
*Chopin* . . . . . Scherzo, B Flat Minor  
 MR. GOODE  
*Reading* . . . . . How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost  
 MISS GEARY  
*Seeling* . . . . . Loreley  
 MISS DE VANE  
*MacDowell* . . . . . The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree  
*Saar* . . . . . The Little Gray Dove  
*Clough-Leighter* . . . . . April Blossom  
 MISS STRANATHAN  
*d'Ambrosio* . . . . . Op. 6, Canzonetta  
*Bruch* . . . . . Kol Nidrei  
 MR. VON HASSELN  
*Reading* . . . . . The Usual Way  
*Reading* . . . . . Hard to Forget  
 MISS GEARY  
*Schubert-Liszt* . . . . . Soiree de Vienne  
 MR. GOODE





## Anderson College Pupils' Recital

Monday Evening, March 27th, 1916

### PROGRAMME

<i>Mendelssohn</i> . . . . .	Ave Maria
<i>Spence</i> . . . . .	The Moon Hangs Low
CHORUS	
<i>Sternberg</i> . . . . .	Forest Mood
LAFAYETTE JOHNSON	
<i>Merkel</i> . . . . .	Butterfly
MARGARET CLEMENT	
<i>DeKoven</i> . . . . .	Goodbye to the Leaves
KATE CROWTHER	
<i>Dutton</i> . . . . .	Fairy Tale
BABB SULLIVAN	
<i>Dubois</i> . . . . .	Seherzo and Choral
BESSIE PRUITT	
<i>Coates</i> . . . . .	My Little Love
NELLIE PRUITT	
<i>Dutton</i> . . . . .	Lullaby
DOT SULLIVAN	
<i>Rogers</i> . . . . .	Firefly
SARAH FRANCES STEVENS	
<i>White</i> . . . . .	The Spring Has Come
GOODE BURTON	
<i>Jensen</i> . . . . .	Wanderer
EMILY SULLIVAN	
<i>Moszkowski</i> . . . . .	Mazurka
EMMIE CATHCART	
<i>Shelley</i> . . . . .	Reveries
ELIZABETH BUXTON	
<i>Ravina</i> . . . . .	Etude de Style
MARGARET CLINKSCALES	
<i>Saint-Saens</i> . . . . .	Mazurka
JANET BOLT	
<i>Friml</i> . . . . .	Waltz
KATHLEEN BURRISS	
<i>Olson</i> . . . . .	Papillons
MOLLY HORTON	
<i>Haydn</i> (The Creation) . . . . .	The Heavens are Telling
CHORUS	
ACCOMPANIST, MRS. HARRIS	

## A Senior's Retrospection

---

There are times in everyone's memory,  
O'er which we lingeringly pause,  
And the pictures will ne'er be forgotten  
Which only the memory draws.

There's a series of pictures now painted  
In the deepest colors and hues.  
Right in the heart of each Senior—  
Past school days furnish the views.

If you'll follow me just for a moment,  
I'll go with you this museum through:  
There's a story connected with each one,  
And the story—as the pictures—is true.

The first one we come to will find us,  
Buoyant, young and care-free:  
Ne'er giving to life a thought serious,  
For then we were Freshmen, you see.

But there is some shadow of changing,  
Which creeps o'er the faces aglow  
With the joys of life, Oh! so happy,  
They never a sorrow could know.

Why, then, this transformation  
From laughter and smiles so bright?  
How can you but know—without asking—  
We've grown to be Sophs in a night!

There's a saying in hist'ry recorded,  
That the "Soph age" is envied by all;  
Perhaps that is true—but now listen.  
While an incident I shall recall.

# The Sororian

Never in all *OUR* history  
Has there e'er been a moment so sweet  
As that glorious day—we were Juniors—  
And our hearts very wildly did beat—

We were Juniors—be sure to take notice!  
Our exams had just come to a close—  
“Did we pass?” whisper: “Say, did we pass them?”  
From the shout I guess everyone knows

That we did; and now we are Seniors,  
Sweet, dignified Seniors are we,  
And we certainly assume our Seniorship  
With snéh ease as you seldom see.

We have worked with a will that's unrivaled,  
Our work has been cheerfully done.  
Our Senior days! Sweetest and saddest!  
And such honors we never have known!

The pictures are fading a little,  
Because here our school days must end;  
There's a beginning of unfinished pictures,  
But no one can follow their trend.

—*M. Henry*, '16.

# The Sororian



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ANDERSON, S. C.

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is pure and wholesome, and it makes up into an almost infinite variety of dishes, some to appeal to the most fastidious appetites, and others to satisfy any healthy appetite.

There could not be anything better for the Sunday dinner dessert than one of these delicious dishes. It can be made as simple or as elaborate as any one could wish, just as the Jell-O dessert for every-day dinner can.

A beautiful new Jell-O Book tells the story of a lovely young bride, who knew nothing about cooking, but who soon learned how to make up delicious desserts and salads.

10c. a package



Her experiences are illustrated in reproductions of beautiful paintings made for the book by a Boston artist. If you will write and ask for a copy of this book, it will be sent to you promptly—free, of course.

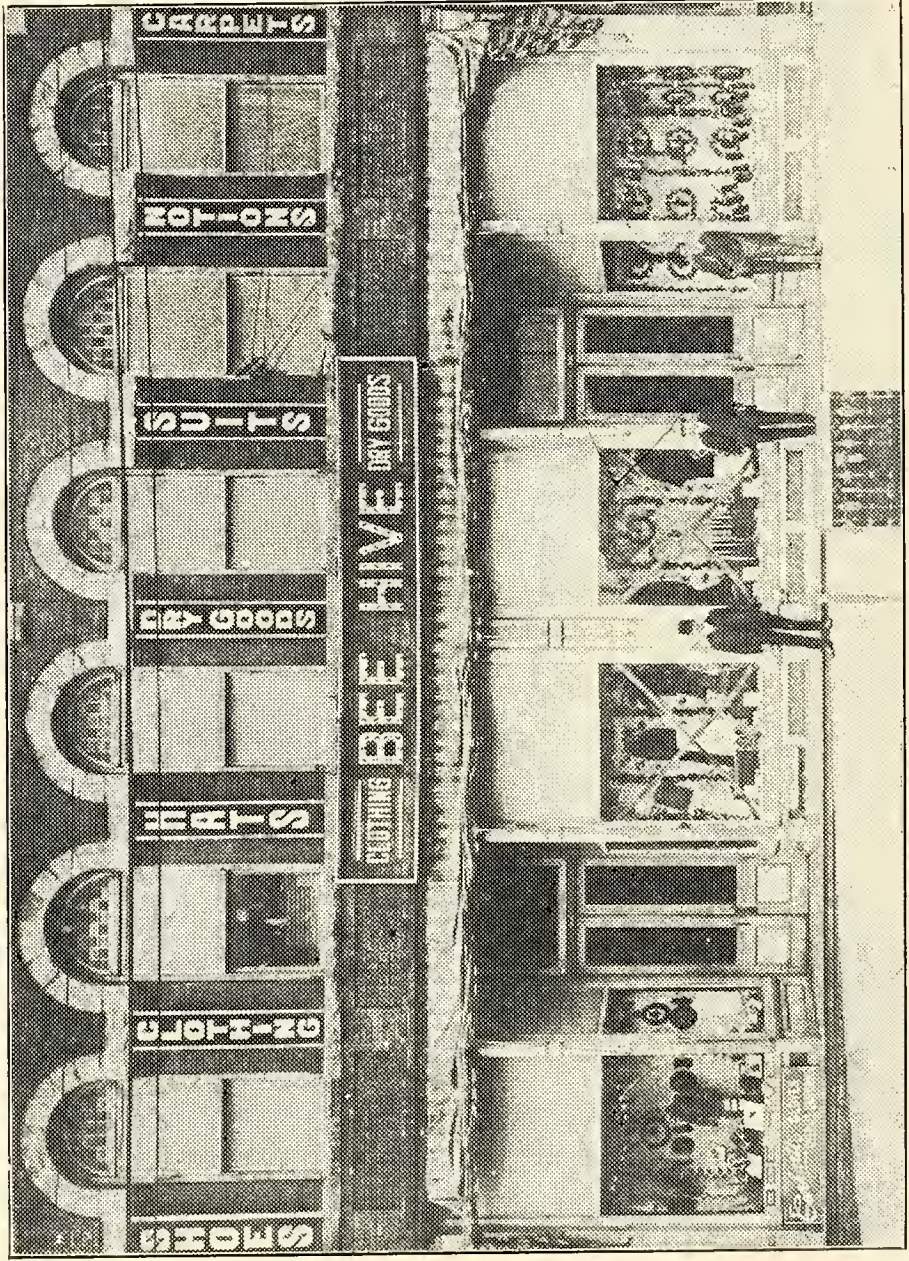
Jell-O is made in seven pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each 10 cents at any grocery or general store.

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**Jell-O received the highest award, the GRAND PRIZE, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, and the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego.**





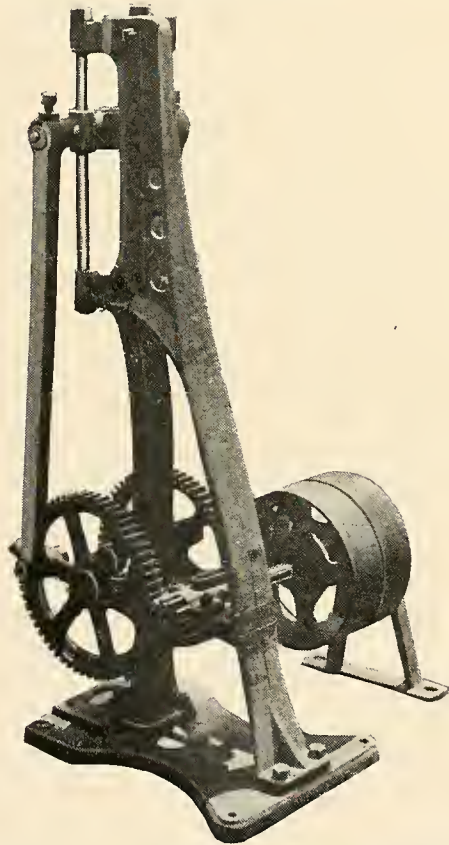
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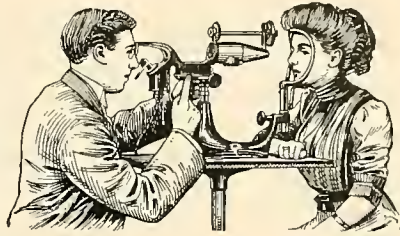
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